

TV RADIO MIRROR

TV RADIO MIRROR'S N. Y., N. J., Conn. Edition

APRIL



LORETTA
YOUNG

In This Issue
Mother talks back to
GEORGE GOBEL
EDDIE FISHER'S
Day in the Sun



PAT BOONE
He's Living It Up



HAL HOLBROOK
Brighter Day



JANIS PAIGE
It's Always Jan!

AT LAST! **A LIQUID SHAMPOO**
THAT'S **EXTRA RICH!**



JUST POUR IT...

and you'll see the glorious difference!

Never thin and watery like some liquid shampoos . . . never thick with a "film-ing" ingredient that can dull hair like others. Extra-Rich Liquid Prell has just the right consistency—won't run and *never* leaves a dulling film!



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PROCTER & GAMBLE

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FOR *'Radiantly Alive' Hair*

Exciting surprise for you—magical new Liquid Prell! It's extra rich—that's why Liquid Prell leaves your hair looking 'Radiantly Alive'! And how you'll love its unique *extra-rich* formula. Bursts instantly into richer, more effective lather—rinses in a twinkle—leaving your hair easier to set. Shouldn't you try Extra-Rich Liquid Prell today? There's radiant beauty in every drop!

And you'll love PRELL CONCENTRATE—
leaves hair extra clean . . . extra radiant!
Not a cream—not a liquid—but a clear shampoo
concentrate that won't run off wet hair like
ordinary shampoos. Instead, all the special
ingredients work *throughout* your entire
shampoo. That's why Prell Concentrate leaves
your hair extra clean, extra radiant!





PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON

NEW MUM® CREAM

The doctor's deodorant discovery
that now safely stops odor 24 hours a day



Underarm comparison tests made by doctors proved a deodorant *without* M-3 stopped odor only a few hours—while New Mum *with* M-3 stopped odor a full 24 hours!

You're serene. You're sure of yourself. You're bandbox perfect from the skin out. And you stay that way night and day with New Mum Cream.

Because New Mum now contains M-3 (hexachlorophene) which clings to your skin—keeps on stopping perspiration odor 24 hours a day.

So safe you can use it daily—won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



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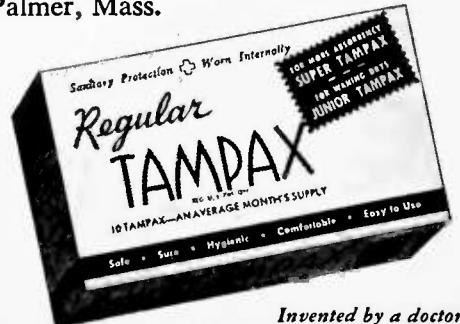
"I've taken a load off my mind!"



"I'm a Tampax user now—and is it ever wonderful! I didn't even begin to realize how much I must have worried and fretted over 'the other way.' Tampax makes you feel like heaving one big, heart-felt sigh of relief—suddenly you seem as free as you do on any day! I've certainly taken a load off my mind by adopting it."

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*Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women*

TV RADIO MIRROR

APRIL, 1956

N. Y., N. J., CONN. EDITION

VOL. 45, NO. 5

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*She
was losing
him...
and she didn't
know why*

SHE HAD ADORED HIM from their first meeting and he seemed no less attracted to her. But, recently, his desire turned to indifference, and tonight there was a suggestion of a sneer on his lips as he wormed out of two dates they had planned later in the week. She was losing him . . . and she knew it. But, for what reason she hadn't the remotest idea.

What she didn't realize was that you may have good looks, nice clothes, a wonderful personality, but

they'll get you nowhere if you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

**No tooth paste kills germs
like this . . . instantly**

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.*

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral

hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action.

**Listerine Antiseptic clinically proved
four times better than tooth paste**

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning . . . every night . . . before every date, make it a habit to use Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any tooth paste

Steve Allen's TURNTABLE



SALUTATIONS and hello again from the music department. We've got everything this month from rock 'n' roll to rhythm and romance, so let's forget about the March winds for a few minutes and give a listen to the new records at hand.

Let's start off with Barry Gordon, the little "Nuttin' for Christmas" boy, who is front and center with a new novelty called "Rock Around Mother Goose," which he sings in junior-style rock 'n' roll. The backing is also a novelty, "Seven," and seven-year-old Barry tells how you get to be that way. Young Master Gordon gets top-notch support from Art Mooney's orchestra and the Ray Charles Singers. (M-G-M)

Vicki Benet is a brand new name on the Decca label with an album called "Woman of Paris." Vicki is a French girl who looks like a combination of Jayne Mansfield and Marilyn Monroe—and she sings, too! For her first American records, Vicki does such well-known romantic songs as "Mon Homme," "La Seine," "Parlez Moi d'Amour," "Autumn Leaves," and others, in French and in English, accompanied by Charles Dant and his orchestra.

Epic also has a new lady on their list and they're releasing her first album as "Introducing Rita Moss." Rita is a versatile musical artist from Akron, Ohio, who sings, plays piano, drums and organ and also composes. In her album, she does a little of each on such tunes as "Jungle Drums," "I Only Have Eyes for You," "Take the A Train," and a cute thing she wrote called "Bopligatto."

Julius La Rosa has cut his first record

on his new deal with Victor, and it looks like a fast hit for the popular crooner. The big side is "Lipstick and Candy and Rubber Sole Shoes," which should be a teen-age delight. Julius belts it out strongly in rock 'n' roll rhythm. The reverse is a pretty, new ballad, "Winter in New England," done in the usual La Rosa romantic style. Joe Reisman's orchestra.

"A Tribute to Eddy Duchin" is a new album issued by Columbia in memory of the late popular pianist. There are fifteen tunes in all, including many standards such as "The Man I Love," "You're My Everything," "Smiles" and "Just One of Those Things." Of course the Duchin piano solos, in his distinctive style, are featured. Incidentally, the movie, "The Eddy Duchin Story," starring Tyrone Power, will be released in July.

Remember Richard Hayes, the young baritone who was doing fine in his career when he had to go into the Army? Well, he's just about to leave Uncle Sam's payroll and has made his first civilian record in a long while. It's "The Street of Thirty-Nine Steps," a rhythm love song, and "Please Say Hello for Me," a torchy ballad, with Sid Feller's orchestra and chorus. (ABC-Paramount)

The Four Aces seem to make one hit record after another. Their "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing" has sold over a million copies, and "A Woman in Love" is still going strong. Now they've got a new novelty called "The Gal With the Yaller Shoes." The backing is a ballad, "If You Can Dream." Jack Pleis' orchestra. (Decca)

Inspirational songs have found great favor with the public the past year or so, and Coral has now combined several popular artists and selections into one album called "He." It includes Don Cornell's "The Bible Tells Me So"; Johnny Desmond's "In God We Trust" and "The Lord's Prayer"; "One God," sung by Dorothy Collins; Steve Lawrence's version of "The Lord Is a Busy Man"; "These Things Are Known (Only to God)," by Buddy Greco; and The McGuire Sisters' "He."

With NBC-TV premiering "Richard III," the William Shakespeare opus starring the great Laurence Olivier, RCA Victor gets into the act with two releases—one a package of three long-playing records containing the complete sound track of the film, the other a single LP disc of highlights from "Richard III," also taken directly from the sound track.

Movie star Susan Hayward has cut her first single record, "I'll Cry Tomorrow," and the old Cole Porter tune, "Just One of Those Things," with Johnny Green's orchestra. Actress Susan really started something by doing her own singing in the film, "I'll Cry Tomorrow," and now it looks like she may be a permanent name on the M-G-M label.

The Honey Dreamers have waxed a very

cute record, "Supermarket Party," all about a little boy who gets locked in a market overnight and comes face to face with all the soups and cereals that he hears advertised all the time on radio and TV. You'll hear just about every commercial jingle and tune. (Columbia)

The scat man, Cab Calloway, has a new coupling, but without a single hint of hi-de-ho. With his daughter, Lael, who is eight years old, he sings a tender vocal of "The Little Child," and on the reverse Cab goes serious on an inspirational song, "The Voice." Don Costa's chorus and orchestra accompany. (ABC-Paramount)

Sammy Davis, Jr. has been busy with his Broadway show, "Mr. Wonderful," but not too busy to do a new Decca duo: "Frankie and Johnny," with Morty Stevens' orchestra, and the old tune, originally waxed by Vaughn Monroe, "Circus," with Sy Oliver and his band.

Percy Faith and Mitch Miller, two famous gentlemen with a baton, have combined talents to do an album, "It's So Peaceful in the Country." The conductors have chosen five compositions by Alec Wilder and six by James Van Heusen and given the lush arrangement touch to each of them. "While We're Young," "I'll Be Around," "Love Among the Young," "It Could Happen to You," "Imagination," and "Moonlight Becomes You," are some of the songs. (Columbia)

This month Victor is releasing another one of those big specials—"The Golden Age of Swing—Benny Goodman and His Orchestra—Limited Edition." It will sell for \$24.95, but it's worth saving your pennies for if you want the greatest of Goodman, all in one package. There are five long-playing records which include some sixty melodies—from "Organ Grinder's Swing" to "Blue Skies." And of course all the great instrumentals he made famous are in it, too.. The vocal names—Helen Ward, Martha Tilton, Frances Hunt, Margaret Macrae, and Johnny Mercer.

Ralph Waldo Cummings is a new baritone name on the ABC-Paramount label. For his first release he sings "Vino, Vino," the tender ballad from the movie, "The Rose Tattoo," and a rock 'n' roll novelty, "The Mystery of the Fragrance of the Pumpkin Juice Perfume" (that's the title, honest), with Don Costa's chorus and orchestra. If you think you recognize Cummings' voice from somewhere, you're right. He's the singer who did all those Pall Mall cigarette commercial jingles—and now he's on his way to a recording career.

And I had better be on my way, as time and space are up. But I'll be back with more waxings on wax next month.



**T
V
R** Maestro Benny Goodman lends Steve his licorice stick—and Steve finds Benny's big new album something to toot about.

See Steve on *Tonight*, NBC-TV, 11:30 P.M. EST (11 P.M. CST). *Steve Allen Show* starts on Station WRCA-TV (New York), 11:20 P.M., M-F.

Doctors Prove a One-Minute Massage with

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A

Cleaner, Fresher Complexion Today!

Gets hidden dirt that ordinary cleansing methods miss!



1. **Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!** Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!

2. **Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!** Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.

Only a Soap This Mild can work so thoroughly yet so gently!

Palmolive beauty care cleans cleaner, cleans deeper, without irritation!



Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care can give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!



DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!



Duet for trombones as Ernie Ford marks his first TV anniversary in tune with Jack Bailey of *Queen For A Day*.



Chief Thundercloud wears the headdress here, but a new CBS-TV show is a feather in the cap of Will Rogers, Jr.

WHAT'S NEW FROM



Crooner Julius La Rosa really means those love songs now he's engaged to Rory Meyer, Per Como's secretary.

By JILL WARREN

THIS IS the month to brush up on your Bard. NBC-TV will follow its three-hour premiere of "Richard III" on March 11 with another Shakespeare classic on Sunday afternoon, March 18, when "Taming of the Shrew" will be on view on Hallmark's Maurice Evans show. Lilli Palmer will head the "Shrew" cast, making the trip from England especially for this telecast. Music has been especially written for the production by Lehman Engel, and Tony Charmoli directs the dancing.

March 13 is the date for Eva Marie Saint's appearance on the Tuesday-night *Playwrights '56* series over CBS. Eva will star in a new dramatic play by N. Richard Nash, her first television appearance since "Our Town."

The Voice Of Firestone has scheduled a special one-hour simulcast on ABC, Monday night, March 19, on "The History of American Music." Various stars of the classical world will appear, and the gala proceedings will be narrated by Helen Hayes.

NBC has scheduled a most interesting hour-long radio program, beginning Tuesday night, March 6, and running for eight weeks. It's called *Politics And Primaries—Dateline*: with a different



Narrator Marvin Miller feels like *The Millionaire* with wife Elizabeth and daughter Melissa as home audience.



Two Gobels are better than one. Here the more familiar George pours tea for his "Tootie Flimbone" character.

COAST TO COAST

state featured each week. They plan to profile the individual states where the preferential primaries are important in the election year, such as Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, Florida and Ohio. **Herb Kaplow**, of NBC's Washington News Bureau, will narrate, and there will be taped interviews with the governors of the states, local and national political figures and the man in the street.

Omnibus will not be seen on Sunday afternoon, March 18, and in its place CBS is presenting a very special show. It's "Out of Darkness," a ninety-minute actuality drama probing the world of mental patients. It was produced in consultation with the American Psychiatric Association and the National Association for Mental Health. The program's medical narrator will be **Dr. William C. Menninger**, one of the country's top psychiatrists and former Director of the Neuropsychiatry Consultants Division for the U.S. Army in World War II. It took four months to film "Out of Darkness," most of which was shot at the Metropolitan State Hospital in Norwalk, California. Actual patients, relatives, doctors and nurses were used.

NBC has programmed another documentary TV film for their *Project 20* series, on Wednesday
(Continued on page 14)



Funnyman Phil Silvers holds hands at the Harwyn Club with model Evelyn Patrick of the *Dollar A Second* gang.

ON THE GO!



All the Wallaces are talented, Mike says proudly, then proves it at jam sessions with wife Lorraine and youngsters Pauline and Tony.

MANHATTAN is a hustle-bustle town, but even on this busy island, Mike Wallace deserves special recognition as a young man in a hurry. Not that he hasn't time to swap a good story—or ask about the wife and kids. But, in this jet age, Mike moves at the appropriate speed. . . . Currently, Mike's pace includes a twice-nightly news telecast for Station WABD, *Mike Wallace And The News*, seen at 7 and 11 P.M. This is a "straight reporting" job on the international scene, the domestic scene, and the scene Mike loves best—East Side and West Side in Gotham. . . . Then, because, as Mike says, "I'm happiest when I'm busiest," Mike keeps happy as co-host with Margaret Truman on NBC Radio's *Weekday*. . . . Born Myron Leon Wallace in Brookline, Massachusetts, on May 9, 1918, Mike's been gathering speed for his current schedule through seventeen years as announcer, actor, newscaster, sportscaster, interviewer, reviewer, moderator, narrator, host, and even continuity writer and salesman. . . . Throughout this always-upward spiral, Mike

has been well-known for his ease with an ad lib. But he makes sure that plenty of time for the family is written into the script. . . . Mike encamps in a New York apartment during the week, then heads for his home at Sneden's Landing for weekends. Here, his favorite activity is taking long walks through the Palisades countryside with his wife, artist Lorraine Perigord, and their children, Pauline, 9, and Tony, 16. When Mike's sons by a former marriage, Peter and Christopher, visit for weekends, they join these explorations which, even during the winter months, may cover as many as fifteen miles on a weekend. Mike also likes to play tennis with Tony, skate with Pauline, or putter around the ferns and orchids in the greenhouse with Lorraine. . . . "All my four kids are talented," Mike says proudly, "and at the moment they're all interested in doing something in radio or television." To Mike, this is a fine idea—as long as a good liberal arts background comes first. This is the route Mike Wallace followed—a thruway to success.



Mike Wallace thrives on a busy schedule—but the script calls for plenty of time for the family



Weekdays, Mike paces the news . . . weekends, he and Tony play chess as Pauline kibitzes . . . or he and Lorraine garden.

DON'T EVER SHAMPOO YOUR HAIR

without putting back the life shampooing takes out.

Restore life, luster, manageability instantly !

If you hate to shampoo your hair because it flies all over your head and looks terrible for days, why don't you face up to the facts?

Every shampoo you try makes your hair too dry, doesn't it?

So what happens? After you shampoo, you have to wait two or three days for the natural beauty oils to come back. Then, just when your hair begins to look and act alive, *it's time for a shampoo again.*

Now isn't that silly!

Half the time your hair is so dry you can't do a thing with it. Simply because modern shampoos wash all the beauty oils out of your hair and scalp!

But you aren't the only one who has this problem. Millions of women hate to shampoo their hair for exactly this same reason. That's why Helene Curtis invented SUAVE Hairdressing. And look what it does!

The instant you finish washing and drying your hair, rub a little SUAVE over your palms, and stroke through your hair thoroughly. Then brush and arrange your hair . . . *and look at the amazing difference!*

Suddenly your hair combs, sets and arranges like magic! It's manageable! No wild wisps. Dryness is gone!

A miracle has happened!

Your hair is silky soft, bursting with highlights . . . with the prettiest, healthiest-looking glow you ever saw!

And it stays wonderfully in place, without the slightest oily look or feel!

That's the miracle of Helene Curtis' beauty discovery—*greaseless lanolin*—now in new SUAVE . . . a hairdressing so wonderful that it makes your hair soft, beautiful, radiant and manageable in 20 seconds after shampoo!

So do as Helene Curtis tells you

"No matter if you are 16 or 60, don't ever shampoo your hair again without using SUAVE to restore the beauty oils you just washed out. Do this, and I promise you your hair will be so beautiful, so satin-soft, so eager to wave, you'll get compliments galore!"

Start using SUAVE today! Choose the liquid or new creme SUAVE, whichever type you prefer. Available wherever cosmetics are sold.



**HELENE CURTIS
Suave***
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER

Choose Liquid
or new Creme
59¢ and \$1
(plus tax)



Midwestern Hayride



Swinging and singing, the *Midwestern Hayride* gang accent Americana as they surround Hugh Cherry with talent.

URBAN OR SUBURBAN, just try to keep the toes from tapping when fun and frolic trip over each other's heels on *Midwestern Hayride*. Originating from the heart of the Midwest, from the Cincinnati studios of the Crosley Broadcasting Corporation, this show gambols its way from Portland, Maine to Portland, Oregon—every Wednesday night at 10:30 via the NBC-WLW Television Network.

A coast-to-coast joyride, the *Hayride* caravan features lively country and Western folk music, dizzily-paced square dancing, frantic fiddling, gay mountain ditties, sentimental ballads, and light-hearted comedy. And the caravan overflows with talented passengers, including such regulars as Bonnie Lou, Rudy Hansen, The Geer Sisters, Clay Eager, Dixie Lee, Bobby Bobo, Jeanie and Lefty, The Hometowners, The Hayriders, The Kentucky Boys, The Willis Brothers, The Midwesterners, and Phyllis and Billy Holmes.

The emcee who sees to it that this half-hour program bubbles along with all the gaiety, sparkle and rural atmosphere of an authentic country festival is a handsome Kentuckian named Hugh Cherry. Hugh took over from

Bill "Willie" Thall last March when Thall's health forced him to give up the job as "driver" of the *Hayride* caravan. Before that, Hugh had been the emcee for the radio version of *Midwestern Hayride*, also heard over the Crosley Broadcasting facilities.

Hugh was born in Louisville, Kentucky, October 7, 1922, and has more radio and TV experience than his years might suggest. His five-foot-seven, 165-pound frame has faced a microphone in Glasgow, Chattanooga, Louisville, Nashville and Memphis. Rated among the top twenty country and Western platter-spinners, Hugh was program director and deejay for one of Nashville's leading radio stations for three years, before joining Crosley.

While in Nashville, often called the "Hillbilly Capital of the World," Hugh was a member of the board for the Circle Theater; a member of the Nashville Community Theater, where he once won the "best actor" award; and played the lead in such productions as "Othello" and "The Country Girl." Hugh also was featured in *Disneyland's* television production of "Davy Crockett."

When Hugh is asked for encores, he always makes a bow in the direction of Pee Wee King, who, he says,



*With Hugh Cherry as "driver"
of the NBC-WLW Hayride Caravan,
it's a coast-to-coast joyride*

taught him all he knew, when Hugh was discharged from the Army after the war. Hugh served in Europe during and after the war as an investigation agent for the Counter Intelligence Corps.

When this thirty-three-year-old Kentuckian hears the cry of "swing your partner," the partner he'd most like to have in hand is his lovely wife Mary Ann. And, on the grand promenade, his son Michael, now four, might come tripping along close behind his doting parents.

Hugh's hobbies include woodcarving and collecting records. At the present time, he has more than 16,000 recordings, going from country and Western to classical. His ears perk up at almost any combination of musical notes, although Hugh admits he's somewhat partial to country and Western.

His own enjoyment is contagious as city slickers and country squires join in ever-increasing numbers to tune in to Hugh's lively program of Americana—and to send its ratings zooming. It seems that whether the man's in a gray flannel suit and his partner's in a chic black dress—or whether the costumes are blue jeans and calico—everybody's partial to Hugh Cherry and Midwestern Hayride.



Emcee Hugh Cherry and his wife Mary Ann delve into Western lore with Michael—who gets a "boot" out of it and will match spit 'n' polish with anyone!



INFORMATION BOOTH

Calling All Fans

The following clubs invite members. If you are interested in joining, write to address given—not to TV RADIO MIRROR.

Richard Kiley Fan Club, c/o Rosalie Galossi, 34-34 30th St., Astoria, N. Y.

Joni James Fan Club, c/o Jo Ann Adimari, Arlington St., Westerly, R. I.

Don Hastings Fan Club, c/o Sandy Dunlap, Central City, Iowa.

Midget Or Moppet

Could you please tell me whether Barry Gordon is really a little boy—or is he a midget?

R.M., Levittown, N. Y.

Here are the facts, ma'am. Barry Jones is really and truly seven years old, having been born on November 1, 1948. . . . Ten months later, when Mr. and Mrs. Sam Gordon were carrying their baby to his crib, they heard the little one carrying a tune—perfectly! At the age of two, Barry sang pop songs. Even his deejay Pop flipped. . . . Then Barry made his stage debut at a local minstrel show in the Gordons' home town, Albany, New York, with a take-off on Johnnie Ray, singing "Cry." When Ted Mack travelled that part of the country looking for talent for his show in New York City, he was bowled over by the tot, who won easily over 600 contestants. Appearances on *Star Time* and the Horn and Hardart show followed. . . . Then "Uncle" Miltie Berle heard him and invited Barry to perform on his show. Art Mooney guested that same night and the two pooled their talents to record the now classic "Nuttin' for Christmas." Sales of "Nuttin'" were really somethin', reaching the million mark in three weeks. Guest

shots with Jack Paar, Jackie Gleason and Perry Como left little doubt that a star had been born. . . . Barry and his folks—Sam Gordon is now in the jewelry business—now live in Manhattan and Barry attends Professional Children's School.

All-Around Boy

I would appreciate some information about Jimmy Hawkins, who plays Tagg Oakley in the Annie Oakley series.

J.N., Brooklyn, N. Y.

How many young boys can rope, ride and shoot, as well as act, and yet be as natural as the boy around the corner? These were the requirements for the role of Tagg. For Jimmy Hawkins, they were easily met. . . . The freckle-faced boy has appeared in more than 75 films and countless television shows. Born on November 13, 1941, in Los Angeles, California, Jimmy was christened James Francis Hawkins. He has an older brother, Tim, and a younger sister, Susan. . . . In 1943, when Jimmy was two, he appeared in "The Seventh Cross" with Spencer Tracy. Lana Turner spotted him and he was immediately signed to play her son in "Marriage Is a Private Affair." Movies followed, as well as more than 200 live television shows. . . . In "Yankee Pasha" Jimmy captured the feel for Westerns and capitalized on the years of tutoring by Mark Smith. Jim's love of horses and his abilities in handling them came to the attention of Gene Autry. It had taken Gene two years to find the proper personalities to cast in *Annie Oakley*. But when Jimmy came around, the search was ended—they had found the perfect Tagg. . . . Jimmy's uncanny ability to memorize stands him in good stead both at the Holy Trinity Parochial School and at work. He is a ceramic hobbyist and also raises tropical fish. . . . In real life Jimmy is the same all-American boy he portrays.

Native Son

I would like to have some information about Dwayne Hickman, who plays Chuck MacDonald on The Bob Cummings Show on CBS-TV.

M.O., Miamisburg, Ohio

Dwayne Hickman considers himself a pretty rare species in California, for he is a native son, born in Los Angeles on May 18, 1934. He waited until he was ten years old before he made his camera debut. This was really postponing things, since his brother, Darryl, rushed into show business at the tender age of four. The only one of the Hickman children who hasn't shown an interest in show business is Deirdre, Dwayne's sister, who's happy being sweet sixteen. . . . Dwayne has had considerable success on the silver screen, including "The Boy With the Green Hair" and "Happy Years." In recent years, he has been devoting most of his time to



Richard Greene

television and has received wonderful notices for his many appearances. . . . Dwayne is managing to complete his economics and dramatics studies at Loyola University and even finds time to play tennis on the University's team. He is also interested in golf, dabbles in painting and is an avid reader of fiction and biography. . . . Here's a story of hometown boy making good in home town!

Greene Of The Forest

I would like to know something about Richard Greene, who stars on The Adventures of Robin Hood on CBS-TV.

S.F., Boyceville, Wis.

The storied outlaw of Sherwood Forest is well-known to millions of filmgoers for his swashbuckling parts in movies. Handsome Richard Greene, who is 37 years old, was born in Plymouth, England. His family has been represented for four generations on the London stage, his own career beginning with a walk-on role at the age of three. Later, as the proverbial spear carrier in "Julius Caesar," he attempted to enlarge his role by gesturing broadly at every opportunity. This caught the eye of the producer, who promptly fired him. . . . At 22, Greene was spotted by a movie talent scout at the Royal Theater in Birmingham in a touring company of "French Without Tears." He was flown to Hollywood and a screen career. . . . When the war came, Richard returned to England and served with the Royal Armoured Corps in France, Holland and Belgium. He was discharged in 1944 as a lieutenant, because of injuries. The following year, he played his first role on the London stage in "The Desert Rats." . . . But Hollywood was still Richard's goal and he returned, to do many more films. . . . Then TV caught his eye. The attraction was immediate—and mutual.

(Continued on page 26)



Barry Gordon

What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's **MISSING-MISSING-MISSING** in every other leading toothpaste?



It's GARDOL!
And Colgate's with Gardol gives
up to **7 TIMES LONGER**
PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH
DECAY and a **CLEANER,**
FRESHER BREATH ALL DAY
with just one brushing!

GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

MINUTES AFTER
BRUSHING WITH ANY
TOOTHPASTE



DECAY-CAUSING
BACTERIA RETURN TO
ATTACK YOUR TEETH!

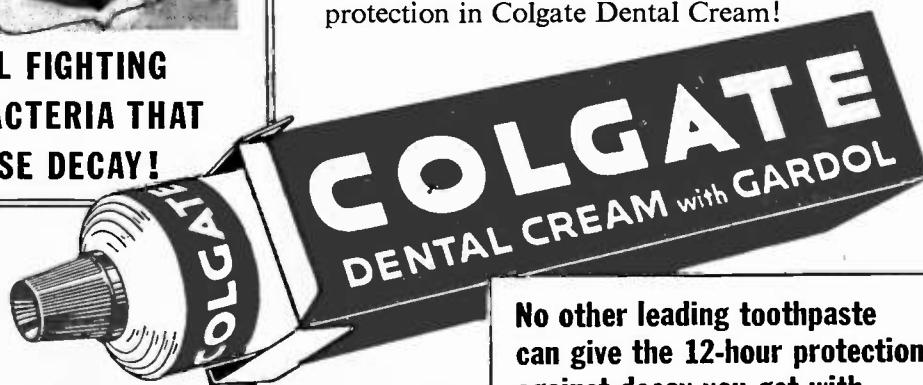
12 HOURS AFTER
ONE COLGATE BRUSHING



STILL FIGHTING
THE BACTERIA THAT
CAUSE DECAY!

Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria come back in minutes, to form acids that cause decay. Colgate's, unlike any other leading toothpaste,* *keeps on* fighting tooth decay 12 hours or more!

Thus, morning brushings with Colgate's help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Because the Gardol in Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that lasts for 12 hours *with just one brushing.* Ask your dentist how often you should brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And—at all times—get Gardol protection in Colgate Dental Cream!



Cleans Your Breath
While It
Guards Your Teeth

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

No other leading toothpaste
can give the 12-hour protection
against decay you get with
Colgate's with just one brushing!

T V R

WHAT'S NEW FROM

(Continued from page 7)

night, March 14. This one will be "The Twisted Cross," and it's the story of the career of Adolph Hitler. The producers have found some never-before-seen photo clips of the dictator, which will be shown on the program. Alexander Scourby will narrate and Robert Russell Bennett has composed an original musical score.

Saturday night, March 17, is the date for the annual Emmy Award show, at which time the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences will present the awards for outstanding performances, programs, scripts, direction and so on for the past year on TV. And on Wednesday night, March 21, there will be a special two-hour telecast of the annual Academy Awards for Motion Pictures. Both shows will be seen on NBC, and part of each program will be broadcast on radio.

Will Rogers, Jr. has been signed to an exclusive CBS-TV contract, and is taking over the early morning coast-to-coast program formerly known as *The Morning Show*. The son of the late humorist has appeared in two motion pictures, "The Will Rogers Story" and "The Boy From Oklahoma," is also the former publisher and editor of the Beverly Hills, California *Citizen*, and an ex-Congressman from California. He now plans to devote all his career time to television.

Spectaculars are still with us and the next one on the list is Max Leibman's Sunday-night production on NBC, March 25. Pat Carroll, the network's up-and-coming comedienne, will star in a musical titled "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl." It will be a satirical contrast between working conditions for girls of fifty years ago and the present time.

NBC plans to televise New York's

famous Easter Parade on Sunday, April 1, with an on-the-spot report of the Fifth Avenue fashions, and the usual in-person celebrities in and around Manhattan's gathering places. Later in the day, *Wide Wide World* will do an hour-and-a-half program of Easter festivities around the country.

This 'n' That:

Julius La Rosa and Rory Meyer, Perry Como's pretty secretary, finally announced their engagement officially. Dorothy McGuire, of the singing sisters, and Julius' one-time heart, said only "No comment," when told of the impending marriage.

CBS is planning a big buildup for Stuart Foster, beginning with plans for his own program. Stuart, who has been heard on the *Galen Drake Show*, and *On A Sunday Afternoon*, got his start as a band vocalist with Ina Ray Hutton and Tommy Dorsey.

It is doubtful whether Frank Sinatra will do any television this year. When he finishes "High Society" at M-G-M, he takes off for a five-week good will tour of Europe, under the auspices of the State Department. Next he returns to Hollywood for another movie, and then he'll tour abroad for seven more weeks. All his pals are wondering whether he'll manage to get to Spain to see his estranged wife, Ava Gardner.

Eddie Fisher has signed a new fifteen-year radio and television contract with NBC, so he's sure of a microphone for that length of time—at least. Meanwhile it looks set for Eddie and his bride, Debbie Reynolds, to co-star in their first movie together, "A Bundle of Joy," for RKO, though the starting date has not been announced. And there's been a rumor floating around



Oscar winner Eva Marie Saint will return to TV on *Playwrights '56*.

that Mr. and Mrs. Fisher have been tagged by Mr. Stork.

The stork has very definitely announced that he is visiting Gertrude Warner and her husband in a few months. It's their first package from the long-legged bird. Gertrude, who plays "Molly" on *Young Dr. Malone*, is married to Carl Frank, who is "Newt Geiger" on *Road Of Life*.

George Gobel's perky singer, Peggy King, and her estranged husband, trumpeter Knobby Lee, have been dating again, so maybe they'll have a reconciliation instead of a divorce.

Comedian Jerry Colonna, of ABC-TV's *Super Circus*, should get some kind of an award from the airlines. Jerry travels no less than 6,000 miles per week in order to appear on the television show in New York each Sunday. He is commuting back and forth to complete his movie chores in "Hinky Dinky," in which he is co-starring with Mickey Rooney and Wally Cox.

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis inked the team's name to a five-year contract with NBC for their exclusive services on radio and TV. But, though the team is honeymooning, Dean and his wife Jeanne parted once again, this time with a statement that the rift is permanent.

Having made one of six scheduled appearances on the *Ed Sullivan Show*, Kate Smith postponed the others when Ted Collins, her long-time manager-friend, was stricken with a heart attack.

Joan Davis has been signed by ABC-TV to do a new situation-comedy series, slated to originate from Hollywood this fall. Joan's been missing



Dagagnet's new look—and an eyeful—is cute Marjie Millar.



Zany Pat Carroll promises "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl."

COAST TO COAST



Deejays staffed Le Cupidn ta aid the Daman Runyan Fund. Al Collins tended bar for Terri Stevens and Betty Reilly.



Music headlines at-home hours far Betty and Walter Crankite and daughters Mary and Nancy.

from the nets since *I Married Joan* went off.

Cast as Sgt. Friday's secretary, **Margie Millar** deserves much of the credit for *Dragnet*'s climbing ratings.

Mulling The Mail:

Mrs. W. B., Washington, D. C.: **Meredith Willson** lives in California, where he has been very active with the Big Brother movement. From time to time he is heard on NBC's *Weekday* radio show, but he is not conducting on any regular television program at the moment. . . . Miss J. L., Cleveland, Ohio: Singer **Johnny Johnston** has done very little TV work lately, since he has been busy working in the Columbia Pictures musical, "Rock Around the Clock." When the movie is finished, Johnny is set for some night-club appearances. . . . To those readers who have written asking whom **Jimmy Durante** refers to when he says, "Good night, Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are," at the end of his TV programs: To the best of my knowledge, Jimmy is referring to his late wife, Jeanne, who died in 1943. . . . And lots of you wrote inquiring about the girl who played the part of "Jocelyn" on *Road Of Life*: "Jocelyn" was played originally by **Virginia Dwyer**. Since July of 1955, however, **Teri Keane** has had the role. Her voice undoubtedly sounded familiar, because for years Teri was "Chichi" in *Life Can Be Beautiful*. . . . Miss J. B., Salt Lake City, Utah: Unfortunately there are no plans to run repeat films of the late James Dean's performances on television. . . . Mr. T. McH., Springfield, Massachusetts: Anne Whitfield plays "Penny" on *One Man's Family*,

and has for the past ten years. She recently was cast as "Harriet Conklin" in the radio version of *Our Miss Brooks*. . . . To the many who wrote asking about *First Love*: *First Love* went off the air around the end of December when *Queen For A Day* moved to that time spot on NBC. At the present, the popular daytime TV show is not scheduled to be seen this season. The Charles Ruggles show, *The World Of Mr. Sweeney*, which followed *First Love* on the network, was also canceled.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Shay Cogan, the blonde singer who appeared on the *Vaughn Monroe* television show several seasons ago? Shay hasn't done any TV at all, but has been singing in night clubs in and around New York City from time to time.

Sid Stone, the comedian who did the pitchman commercials on the old *Milton Berle Texaco* show? At the moment Sid is with the touring company of the show, "Damn Yankees," playing the part of the baseball manager-coach. He hopes to resume TV work next fall.

Harry Marble, the well-liked personality who did many news shows on CBS-TV, and also was heard on radio on the **Emily Kimbrough** program? Harry retired completely from all broadcasting work early last year, and has no plans to return.

Patsy Campbell, who used to be "Terry" on *The Second Mrs. Burton*? Patsy played the role for ten years, up until October 26, 1955. At that time she took a leave of absence for an extended rest. **Jan Miner** has been starring as the new "Terry."



When Linda Darnell guested on *I've Got A Secret*—a marmoset in her mink stole—she talked nat of movies but af Girls Town in Italy.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York, and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately we don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so kindly do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they cannot be returned.

HE SCORES WITH EVERYBODY

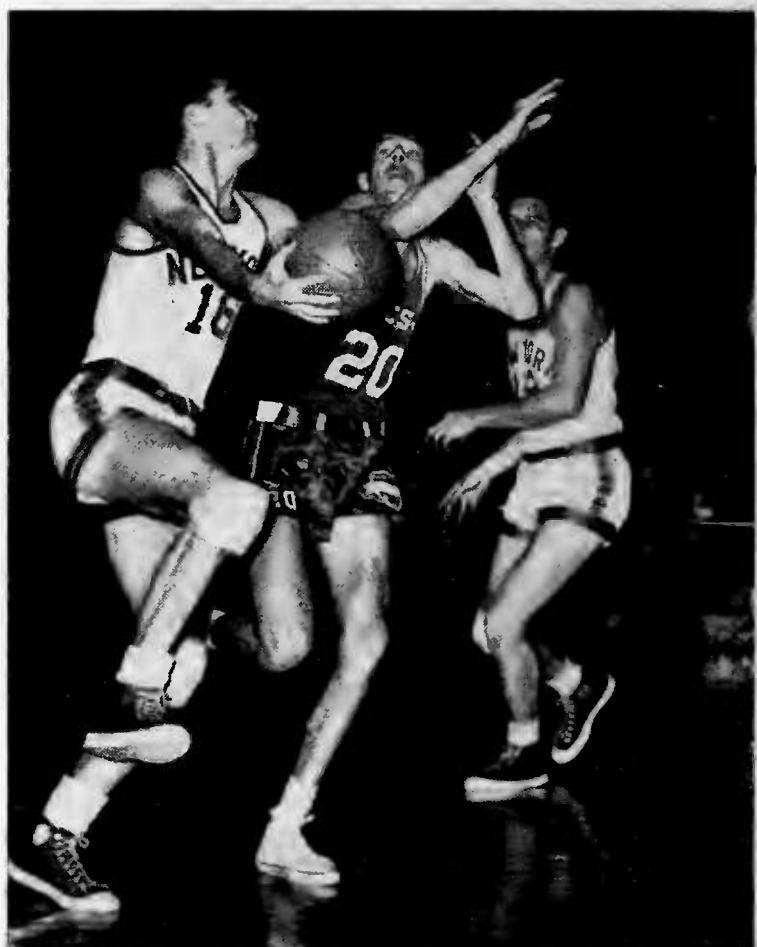
*Bud Palmer sounds like a pro,
looks like a matinee idol,
as he calls the plays for WPIX*



Domestic spats over TV were solved when Bud turned the femmes into sports fans.



Sports are Bud's hobby, too. He golfs with wife Daisy, likes tennis, squash, ski trips to Canada.

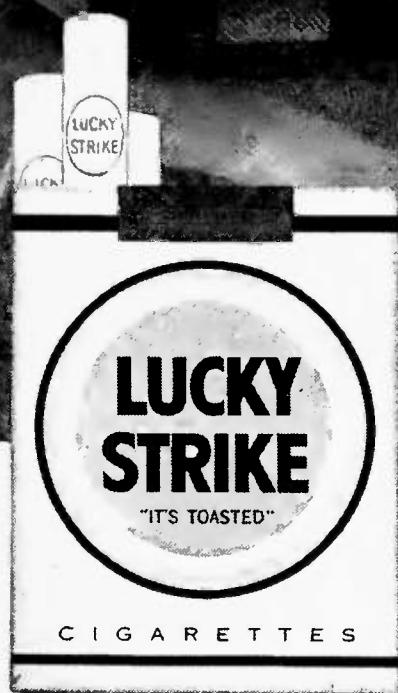


Playing or announcing, Bud's always on top of the action. Here, he scores on Rochester's Andy Duncan.

THE usual battle of the sexes over what to watch on TV has notably diminished in the New York area since Bud Palmer began his play-by-play telecasts for Station WPIX. Now, a Geneva-like spirit reigns. . . . At first, the women were won over by the half matinee-idol, half ivy-league good looks of Mr. Palmer. But the femmes who at first simply stared soon found themselves listening intently to Bud's lucid commentary and colorful background information. . . . Bud learned his way about sports from the inside out. All-American at Princeton U., Bud was a starring player and team captain for the New York Knickerbockers basketball team. As a player turned announcer, Bud handles all sports events telecast from Madison Square Garden, except boxing. Add to this newsreels, commercials, guest shots and a regular sportscast on *Weekday* and you have a picture of one of the most versatile commentators in the business. . . . John "Bud" Palmer was born in Hollywood, where his father starred in silent films as Lefty Flynn and, off-screen, was quite an athlete. After studying in Switzerland, Bud prepared for Princeton at Phillips Exeter Academy. At Princeton, he majored in Romance Languages, contemplated a career in the diplomatic service, and won All-American honors in basketball, soccer and lacrosse. Then, after a stint as a Naval Air Force pilot, Bud became a pro hoopster for the Knicks. . . . Even before his sportscasts, Bud was heard on radio as "Palmo the Magician." He's still quicker-than-the-eye when it comes to heading home to wife Daisy, an eye-catching lass he met on a blind date. Daughter Betty is a five-year-old whose interests are TV and horses. Fireplaces inspire Bud to steak-cookery and he can dish up a subtle salad dressing and fancy dessert to go with the sirloin. . . . Currently, Bud is at work on a book that is planned as an encyclopedia on basketball. With the author's knowledge on the inside, and his picture on the cover, it's bound to be a best-seller.



Light up a Lucky—it's light-up time!



"IT'S TOASTED"
to taste better!

MORE FUN. Why are Luckies more fun to smoke? One simple reason: they taste better. Lucky Strike means fine tobacco . . . mild, good-tasting tobacco that's TOASTED to taste even better. You'll say a Lucky is the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER
Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

© A. T. Co. PRODUCT OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

T
V
R

DAYTIME DIARY

All programs are heard Monday through Friday; consult local papers for time and station.

AUNT JENNY Littleton is a small American town, quiet on the surface, as most such towns appear to be. But, to someone who knows it as well as Aunt Jenny, Littleton is far from uneventful. In the lives of her neighbors and friends, and in the surrounding towns and near-by city of Metropole, Aunt Jenny finds more than enough material for her real-life stories about people just like the people next door. CBS Radio.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Hope St. Clair, the wealthy backer of Larry Noble's new play, has her own plans for Larry's future—plans that involve the breaking up of the Nobles' marriage by fair means or foul. Will Larry and Mary discover the truth about the mysterious envelope Hope has entrusted to Larry? Or will Mary see her marriage crushed by the combined attack of Hope and Malcolm Devereux? CBS Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Reverend Richard Dennis' dream of a Youth Center for New Hope at last achieves reality, and revives another dream as well for Max Canfield and Lydia Harrick, both of whom had lost belief in love until they met. All the bars between them, even the neurotic opposition of Lydia's brother-in-law Donald, seem overthrown—until Althea Dennis returns to town. Is Althea destined to bring trouble once more? CBS-TV.

DATE WITH LIFE A newspaperman, by training and opportunity, is better equipped than most people to find out about all the different kinds of lives that are being lived around him. Tom Bradley, editor and publisher of the Bay City News, knows all the inside facts about the stories that make the headlines, but he also tells stories about the quiet, hidden dramas that never make the front pages. NBC-TV.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE Dr. Dan Palmer owes a portion of his success in Stanton to the retired Dr. Sanford, and for this and other reasons is anxious to get along well with the older man. But though Julie knows full well the importance of tact to a doctor's wife, she finds Mrs. Sanford's arrogance difficult to swallow. Will they tangle over something more serious than a handsome piece of furniture—something not so easily duplicated? NBC Radio.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Marie's roommate, Lila, has no doubts about the real feeling between Marie and Dr. Dick Grant. Why then do Marie and Dick seem so unwilling to admit what seems so obvious to others? And how will Dick's friends, Bill and Bertha Bauer, solve the mother-in-law problem that has rocked their family peace and perhaps done more permanent harm to their young son Michael than they realize? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HOTEL FOR PETS Mr. Jolly, a retired mailman, realized a life-long dream when he was able to turn a rambling country house into a shelter for animals. And when he found Paulina to share his dreams, his happiness was almost perfect. But no human being ever lived without problems—and, as a matter of fact, no animal did, either. Mr. Jolly would be astonished indeed if he had any idea how many troublesome questions are worked out every day by his animal guests. NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Van and Paul Raven knew they were taking on trouble when they sought to adopt little Carol, but when her psychological muteness was cured they felt the worst was behind them. Why is Hal Craig so terrified of the picture Carol glimpsed in his mysterious locket—and how will he use Van's sister Meg to create a worse threat against Carol, Van and Paul than any of them can yet imagine? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Ma's daughter Fay is furious with herself when her pregnancy keeps her from going to Hollywood with her husband and thereby, as she sees it, interferes with his career. But Tom's refusal to leave her behind opens the door to an even greater success than he was promised—and a greater problem. What will happen if his book is made into a movie by a famous star—right there in Rushville Center? CBS Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY When Sunday and Lord Henry opened the doors of Black Swan Hall to Marilyn Bennett, they had no suspicion of the trouble they were inviting into their lives. For, even after the defeat of her initial effort to get the Kenilworth diamond, Marilyn—inspired by her boss, Graham Steele—manages to create a terrible and frightening dilemma for the Brinthropes. CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Pepper, becoming increasingly absorbed in the oil business, is excited by the enormous prospects for the future. But his father, who was the first of the Youngs to become interested in the possibility of oil on the old farm, now wants nothing to do with it, because he cannot forget the terrible trials visited upon the whole family through his misplaced trust. NBC Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Although she was recently widowed, Carolyn Nelson is not the typical helpless woman thrown into a complex world in which she cannot find her way. Carolyn is more than able to make her own way and handle her own problems. But, with the problem of her teen-age son, she finds herself really in need of a man's help. Is Skip actually on the verge of delinquency? And will Carolyn turn to the right man for help? NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE While Sibyl Overton Fuller was doing her best to break up Dr. Jim Brent's marriage, she had an incidental effect on the marriage of his foster-son, Dr. John—incidental, but by no means negligible. Now that time and understanding have done their work, Johnny and Francey want to make another try. Can they rebuild what they once had—or even, if Aunt Reggie will let them, achieve something better? CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT With the growth of her interest in her fascinating neighbor, Morgan Clark, Helen also develops an increasing resentment against his sister, Julie, who appears to be moving heaven and earth to prevent an attachment between Morgan and any woman. When will Helen realize the shocking truth—that Julie is really trying to protect her against a fate so hideous she cannot even imagine it without Julie's help? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW It was largely through Joanne's testimony that the sinister V. L. ended up in prison, and neither he nor his still-free henchmen have forgotten it. What happens when Harold Small turns up in Henderson—Harold, the bookkeeper who looks so much like V. L. that nobody can tell them apart? Is Huxley, grooming Harold for a dupe's role, seriously mistaken about Harold's brains—and his friends? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON When Stan Burton's sister and brother-in-law, Marcia and Lew Archer, acquire a new apartment on Gramercy Square, Stan's wife Terry acquires a new interest—an interest of which Stan is vaguely suspicious. It's true that Terry's talent for decorating can help Marcia—but does she have to spend quite so much time away from Dickston? Is she recalling her own New York student days—and perhaps some of her fellow-students? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Believing that at last her past is behind her for good, Jane dares to plan for a happy future with Peter and the ready-made family she loves so deeply. But Peter's vengeful sister-in-law, Pauline, has found the key back to tragedy for Jane—found it in Jane's first husband, Bruce, who was supposed to have died during the war. How will Bruce play his part in Pauline's scheme? CBS-TV.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Nora and David, trying to unearth the truth behind the twenty-year-old murder of Jerome Joss, for which David's parents spent years in prison, learn that an ex-reporter named Jimmy Powell may have the answer. But before they can reach him, Nora and the murdered man's widow are subjected to terrifying anonymous threats that prove (Continued on page 69)

suddenly...
you're glamorous!

Life is always more exciting when you're more exciting to look at! And now you've a lift you never had before! It's the Playtex Living Bra...beautifully styled in Long-Line with all-elastic Magic Midriff. Gives the curve allure, subtle cleavage and wonderfully smooth line so necessary for today's styles! You'll love the difference it makes in your figure and fashions!



You're Free! Lithe! And Glamorous...with Heavenly Comfort!

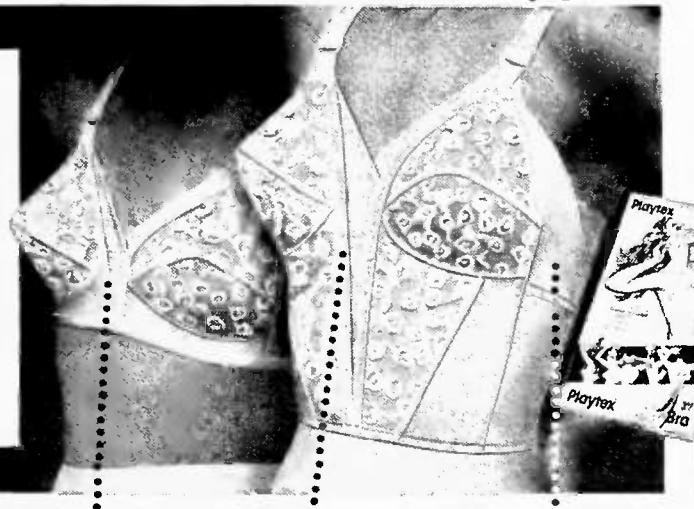
Playtex *Living* Bra*

Long-Line with Magic Midriff...or Bandeau

Long or short — Playtex Bras glorify your figure, are wardrobe musts! Nylon cups stay high, round, in beautiful shape — wash after wash! Elastic body adjusts for heavenly comfort!

Long-Line, white . . . \$5.95
Bandeau, white or black \$3.95
32A to 40C. D-cups from \$4.95

In the Playtex package at
your favorite store



*Exclusive criss-cross elastic front dips low, holds the separation.

*Elastic Magic Midriff "magics" inches away for the long, lean look!

*Exclusive elastic bias-cut panels and all-elastic back.



THERE'S A PLAYTEX® LIVING® GIRDLE,
TOO, FOR YOUR FIGURE...

Spinning Around

Bob Brown, WAAT deejay, has a formula for success that begins, "if you can share . . ."



Bob launched his airwaves career and his marriage in the same exciting year—1947. Now life revolves about a turn-table at work and young Joanne and wife Teri at home.



Teenagers clamor for more as Bob Brown presents such top record stars as Alan Dale at "Queen Teen Club" at Klein's.



FOR A FELLOW who never knew he would be a radio announcer, Bob Brown is doing mighty well. In fact, had Bob planned from the toddling stage for a radio career, he'd still have every right to be pleased with his success in Newark as Station WAAT's host of *Melody Show*, a deejay program heard Monday through Saturday from 3 to 5 P.M. . . . If Bob wasn't born with a yen for the microphone, he was born with a love of music. "So crazy is his love for music," his wife Teri laughs, "that he walks around the house with an old Sammy Kaye baton leading the orchestra." Bob shares his musical enthusiasm at his Saturday "Queen Teen Club" at Klein's Department Store in Newark, giving teenagers a chance to meet their favorite recording stars. Bob's success has a solid foundation in his belief that "if you can share with others the desires and pleasures that you enjoy, popularity and success will ultimately follow." . . . Bob's chance to practice this preaching was purely accidental. While attending Temple University in Philadelphia, his home town, Bob was introduced to Byron Saam, dean of Philadelphia sportscasters. Saam, who is known as the father of advice in the city of brotherly

love, gave Bob the opportunity to see if he wouldn't like an airwaves career. . . . This was all Bob needed. After a detour into the Marine Corps, he landed a staff announcer's post at WFPG in Atlantic City. In 1948, Bob switched to WMIC in the same city, then joined WAAT-WATV with *Musical Jackpot*, a giveaway show. Next he handled the annual WATV "Miss TV" contest, during which beauties in bikinis paraded by with never a whistle from Bob Brown. "What's the sense," Bob laughs, "when your wife's an ex-Conover model?" . . . At present, in addition to his two-hour record show, Bob also handles staff duties for the radio and TV station. And there's never a question of what to do with off-hours, with wife Teri and daughter Joanne, 7½, getting first call. To round out the family, there's Brandy, a cat, and Sponsor, a non-talking parakeet. . . . After the family, Bob ranks Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and the Philadelphia Phillies in the number two and three spots. When the "do-it-yourself" craze is mentioned, Teri interrupts with: "Do-it-yourself? Bob's the only guy I know who can knock down a wall while hanging up a picture!" Seems Bob Brown is handiest at a microphone.

You can't see what's happening underneath your make-up!



But you can be sure invisible skin bacteria won't spoil your complexion—if you wash with Dial Soap!

Ordinary good soaps wash away dirt and make-up. But they leave thousands of skin bacteria. You can't see or feel them. But when you put on fresh make-up, these bacteria are free to spread surface blemishes underneath.

But daily washing with Dial Soap not only removes dirt and make-up—but clears away up to 95% of blemish-spreading bacteria! Then Dial *keeps on working*—underneath your make-up! So your complexion is protected all day!

What's Dial's secret? It's AT-7—the most effective bacteria remover known! So before you make-up—wash up with mild, gentle Dial Soap.

Dial Soap protects your complexion—even under make-up!

P.S. Dial Shampoo gives you that diamond sparkle look!



Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

Monday through Friday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

		Local Program		
B:30 8:45				
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Alex Orlie, News	Robert Hurleigh Easy Does It	Breakfast Club	News Of America
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Weekday	Cecil Brown Footnotes To History* News 10:35 Johnny Olsen	My True Story When A Girl Marries Whispering Streets	Arthur Godfrey Time
11:00 11:15 11:30	Weekday	News 11:05 Story Time Queen For A Day	Walt Disney's Magic Kingdom News, Les Griffith 11:35 Franchot Tone Inner Circle	Arthur Godfrey (con.)
11:45	Fibber McGee & Molly	*Wed., Faith In Our Time		Howard Miller Show

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Weekday	Noon News 12:05 Here's Hollywood 12:10 Ed Ladd, Oejay	Valentino Frank Farrell 12:25 Sunshine Boys	Wendy Warren & The News Backstage Wife Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
12:15 12:30				
12:45				
1:00	Weekday	News, Cedric Foster Music Luncheon With Lopez	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone 1:55 News	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Or, Malone The Guiding Light
1:15 1:30 1:45				
2:00 2:15	Weekday	News, Sam Hayes 2:05 Letter To Lee Graham Bandstand, U.S.A.	2:25 News Martin Block	Second Mrs. Burton Brighter Day
2:30 2:45				
3:00	Weekday	News 3:05 Ruby Mercer Show	Martin Block (con.)	This Is Nora Orake Aunt Jenny
3:15 3:30 3:45				
4:00	Right To Happiness	News	Broadway Matinee	Linkletter's House Party
4:15	Young Widder Brown	4:05 Dan's Almanac	Treasury Band- stand	Fred Robbins Show
4:30	Pepper Young's Family	Ock & Diane Show		
4:45	Woman In My House			
5:00	Wish Upon A Star	Bob And Ray	Musical Express	
5:15	Lone Ranger	5:50 Wismer, Sports	Ebony & Ivory	
5:30		5:55 Production Five	Gloria Parker	
5:45			Vincent Lopez	
			5:55 Wall Street Final	

Monday

Evening Programs

		Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News
6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra		Bill Stern, Sports	Lowell Thomas
7:00	Alex Orlie, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. America's Business 7:20 Dinner Date 7:25 Men Of Action Gabriel Heatter Special Edition	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe	News Analysis LeSeuer 7:05 Curt Massey
7:15				
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Events Of The Day 7:55 News	Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow	
8:00 8:15	Henry Taylor Boston Symphony Orchestra	True Detective	Met. Opera Auditions B:25 News Voice Of Firestone	My Son, Jeep Yours Truly, Johnny Oollar Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
8:30 8:45		John Steele, Adventurer		
9:00	Telephone Hour	News, Lyle Van 9:05 World Of Sports	News 9:05 Sound Mirror	News, Collingwood 9:05 Jack Carson
9:15		Behind The Iron Curtain Reporters' Roundup	9:25 News Offbeat	Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall
9:30 9:45	America's Composers		9:55 News Personality	9:55 News, Trout
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	Vandercook, News 10:05 Three Suns	Dance Orchestra
10:15	News 10:20 Heart Of The News	Soundsstage	10:25 News	
10:30	Parade Of Bands	Music	Martha Lou Harp	

Tuesday

Evening Programs

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports
7:00 7:15	Alex Orlie, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. America's Business 7:20 Dinner Date 7:25 Men Of Action Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Events Of The Day 7:55 News	Events Of The Day 7:55 News
8:00 8:15 8:30	People Are Funny Oragnet	Treasury Agent Squad Room	The World And You B:25 News Bishop Sheen 8:55 News
9:00	News 9:05 Biographies In Sound	News, Lyle Van 9:05 World Of Sports	Sound Mirror
9:15 9:30 9:45		Dateline Defense Army Hour	9:25 News Offbeat 9:55 News Personality
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	Vandercook, News 10:05 Three Suns
10:15	10:20 J. C. Harsch	Men's Corner	10:25 News Take Thirty
10:30	Night Life With Ken Nordine		

Wednesday

Evening Programs

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports
7:00 7:15	Alex Orlie, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. America's Business 7:20 Dinner Date 7:25 Men Of Action Gabriel Heatter Special Edition	Ed Morgan News Quincy Howe
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Events Of The Day 7:55 News	Events Of The Day 7:55 News
8:00 8:15 8:30	Truth Or Consequences Radio Specials B:55 News	Gangbusters Public Prosecutor	The World And You B:25 News Your Better Tomorrow
9:00	You Bet Your Life —Groucho Marx	News, Lyle Van 9:05 World Of Sports	Sound Mirror
9:15 9:30 9:45	X Minus One 9:55 Travel Bureau	Front Page Exclusive Family Theater	Offbeat 9:55 News Personality
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	Vandercook, News 10:05 Pabst Fights
10:15	10:20 This Is Moscow	Success Story, U.S.A.	Presidential
10:30	Keys To The Capitol	Sounding Board	Relaxin' Time

Thursday

Evening Programs

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports
7:00 7:15	Alex Orlie, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. America's Business 7:20 Dinner Date 7:25 Men Of Action Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Events Of The Day 7:55 News	Events Of The Day 7:55 News
8:00 8:15 8:30	Great Gildersleeve The Goon Show	Official Detective Crime Fighter	The World And You B:25 News Your Better Tomorrow
9:00	News 9:05 American Adventure	News, Lyle Van 9:05 World Of Sports	Sound Mirror
9:15 9:30 9:45	9:30 Conversation	Book Hunter State Of The Nation	9:25 News Offbeat 9:55 News Personality
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	Vandercook, News
10:15	10:20 Carling Con- servation Club	Here's Hayes	10:05 Three Suns
10:30	Jane Pickens Show	Music For You	10:25 News Platterbrains

Friday

Evening Programs

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:15 6:45	Joseph C. Harsch Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports
7:00 7:15	Alex Orlie, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. America's Business 7:20 Dinner Date 7:25 Men Of Action Gabriel Heatter Special Edition	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Events Of The Day 7:55 News	Events Of The Day 7:55 News
8:00 8:15 8:30	News B:05 National Radio Fan Club	Counter-Spy City Editor	The World And You 8:25 News Your Better Tomorrow
9:00	NBC Job Clinic 9:05 Radio Fan Club	News, Lyle Van 9:05 World Of Sports	Sound Mirror
9:15	(con.)	American Travel Guide	Listen
9:30 9:45	9:55 News	Double Date	9:55 News Personality
10:00	Cavalcade Of Sports	Virgil Pinkley	Vandercook, News
10:15	10:25 Sports Digest	Forbes Report	10:05 Three Sons
10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly	Music	10:25 News Vincent Lopez

Inside Radio

Saturday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
:30 World News Roundup				
:45	Local Program	Van Voorhis, News 8:35 Doug Browning Show	News	
:00	This Farming Business Monitor	No School Today	News Of America Farm News Garden Gate	
:15				
:30	Monitor	No School Today (con.) Moppets & Melody 10:55 News	News, Jackson 10:05 Galen Orake Show	
:45				
:00	Monitor	Lucky Pierre News 11:05 Inner Circle	News, Calmer 11:05 Robert Q. Lewis Show	
:15		11:05 Musical Wheel Of Chance Van Voorhis, News	11:35 All League Clubhouse	
:30				
:45				
Afternoon Programs				
:00 National Farm & Home Hour	Teenagers, USA	News 12:05 World Tourist	News, Jackson 12:05 Romance	
:15 Monitor		101 Ranch Boys Van Voorhis, News	Gunsmoke 12:55 True Theater	
:30		12:35 American Farmer		
:45				
:00 Monitor	Magic Of Music, Doris Day	News 1:05 Navy Hour	News, Jackson 1:05 City Hospital	
:15				
:30	Symphonies For Youth	It's Time 1:35 Shake The Maracas	Kathy Godfrey	
:45				
:00 Monitor	Youth Symphonies (con.)	Metropolitan Opera	News, Townsend 2:05 Adventures in Science	
:15			Antonini's Serenade Orchestra	
:30	Fifth Army Band			
:45				
:00 Monitor	Country Jamboree	Opera (con.)	News, Bancroft 3:05 Richard Hayes Show	
:15			Treasury Show	
:30				
:45				
:00 Monitor	Standby, Sports Roundup—Wismer	Opera (con.)	News, Church 4:05 Treasury Show	
:15			Make Way For Youth	
:30				
:45				
:00 Monitor	Standby, Sports Roundup—Wismer (con.)	Opera (con.)	News, Cochran 5:05 Orchestra Saturday At The Chase	
:15				
:30				
:45				
Evening Programs				
:00 Monitor	John T. Flynn	News 6:05 Pan-American Union	News, Cioffi 6:05 New Orleans Jazz Band Ball	
:15				
:30	Report From Washington	6:25 It's Time Sports Kaleidoscope	Young Ideas	
:45				
:00 Monitor	Pop The Question	News 7:05 At Ease	News, LeSeuer 7:05 Juke Box Jury	
:15		7:25 It's Time Labor-Management Series		
:30 The Big Surprise	Inspiration Please			
:45				
:00 Monitor	True or False	News 8:10 Dance Party	News, Jackson 8:05 Country Style	
:15		Van Voorhis, News		
:30	Quaker City Capers	8:40 Dance Party (con.)	8:55 Sports	
:45				
:00 Monitor	I Ask You	News 9:05 Dance Party (con.)	News, Collingwood 9:05 Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy	
:15 Grand Ole Opry	Lombardoland, U.S.A.	Van Voorhis, News National Jukebox		
:30				
:45				
:00 Monitor	Oklahoma City Symphony	News 10:05 Hotel Edison Orch.	News 10:05 Basin Street Jazz Orchestra	
:15		Van Voorhis, News		
:30		10:35 Lawrence Welk		

Sunday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30	Monitor			Sunday Melodies 8:55 News
8:45				Galen Orake
9:00	World News Roundup	Wings Of Healing	Bible Study Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Orake
9:15	Monitor			World News Roundup The Music Room
9:30				Church Of The Air
9:45	Art Of Living	Back To God	9:25 Voice of Prophecy	
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	News 10:05 Message Of Israel	News 10:05 Invitation To Learning The Leading Question
10:15	Monitor	Voice Of Prophecy	News 10:35 College Choir	
11:00	Monitor	Frank And Ernest	Van Voorhis, News 11:05 Marines On Review	News 11:05 E. Power Biggs UN Report
11:15		Christian Science Monitor		Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:30	11:35 New World	Northwestern Reviewing Stand	News 11:35 Christian In Action	
11:45				
Afternoon Programs				
12:00	Monitor	As I See It	It's Your Business	News, Robert Trout 12:05 Washington Week
12:15		News, Bill Cunningham Christian Science	As We See It Herald Of Truth	World Affairs Guy Lombardo Time
12:30	The Eternal Light			
12:45				
1:00	Monitor	Front Page 1:05 How Christian Science Heals	Or. Wm. Ward Ayers	Woolworth Hour Percy Faith, Donald Woods
1:15		Merry Mailman Lutheran Hour		
1:30			News 1:35 Pilgrimage	
1:45				
2:00	The Catholic Hour	Festival Of Opera	Or. Oral Roberts	News Symphonette New York Philharmonic-Symphony
2:15			Wings Of Healing	
2:30	Monitor	Opera (con.)	Or. James McGinlay	Symphony (con.)
2:45			Billy Graham	
3:00				
3:15				
3:30				
3:45				
4:00	Monitor	Complete Opera (con.)	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	News 4:05 Music On A Sunday Afternoon
4:15		Wismere, World Of Sports		
4:30				
4:45				
5:00	Monitor	Wismere, World Of Sports (con.)	Holiday For Strings	News 5:05 Indictment
5:15		5:05 Your Nutrilite Radio Theater		
5:30			Wild Bill Hickok	Fort Laramie
5:45				
Evening Programs				
6:00	Meet The Press	Walter Winchell	Monday Morning Headlines	News 6:05 Gene Autry
6:15		Tomorrow's Headlines	Paul Harvey, News	
6:30	Monitor	On The Line, Bob Considine	News 6:35 Evening Comes	Gunsmoke
6:45		Sports		6:55 Tremendous Trifles
7:00	Monitor	By The People	News 7:05 Showtime Revue	News Analysis 7:05 Bergen-McCarthy Show
7:15		Pan-American Panorama	George E. Sokolsky News	
7:30			Travel Talk	
7:45				
8:00	Monitor	Hawaii Calls	America's Town Meeting	News 8:05 Our Miss Brooks Two For The Money
8:15				
8:30				
8:45				
9:00	Monitor	Wm. Hillman, News	Overseas Assignment	News 9:05 Music Hall, Mitch Miller
9:15		Dick Joseph, World Traveler	Lifetime Living	
9:30		Manion Forum	Van Voorhis, News 9:35 Sammy Kaye	
9:45		Keep Healthy	9:55 News	9:55 John Oerr, Sports
10:00	Monitor	Billy Graham	Billy Graham	
10:15			News, E. O. Canham Richard Hayes Sings	News 10:05 Face The Nation
10:30	American Forum	Global Frontiers	Revival Time	Church Of The Air

See Next Page→

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 8, MARCH 8—APRIL 4

Monday through Friday

- 7:00 ② **Will Rogers, Jr.**—Mild & mannered
 ④ **Toddy**—Gargle with Garraway
 8:00 ② **Captain Kangaroo**—Great for kids
 ⑦ **Tinker's Workshop**—For kids, too
 8:55 ② **George Skinner Show**—Variety
 9:00 ④ **Herb Sheldon**—With Jo McCarthy
 ⑦ **Romper Room**—Mare for kiddies
 10:00 ② **Garry Moore**—Lively far adults
 ④ **Ding Dong School**—For kids 3 to 5
 ⑤ **Tune Any Time**—3 continuous showings of feature films ta 4 P.M.
 10:30 ② **Godfrey Time**—Simulcast except Fri.
 ④ **Ernie Kovacs**—30 desperate minutes
 ⑦ **Cloire Monn**—Glamorizing expert
 11:00 ④ **Home**—Arlene Francis, femcee
 11:15 ⑤ **Life With Elizabeth**—A sweetheart
 11:30 ② ⑧ **Strike It Rich**—Quiz for needy
 12:00 ② **Volont Lody**—Flora Campbell stars
 ④ **Tennessee Ernie**—With Molly Bee
 ⑤ **Johnny Olsen**—Haur af fun & frolic
 12:15 ② ⑧ **Love Of Life**—Stars Jean McBride
 12:30 ② ⑧ **Search For Tomorrow**—Serial
 ④ **Feather Your Nest**—Bud Collyer
 ⑦ **Memory Lane**—Jae Franklin joggin'
 12:45 ② ⑧ **Guiding Light**—Ellen Demming
 1:00 ② **Jock Paar Show**—& Martha Wright
 ④ **One Is For Sheldon**—Herbie's happy
 1:30 ② **Love Story**—Jack Smith emcees
 ④ **Sky's The Limit**—Hi-flyin' quiz
 ⑦ **Afternoon Show**—Hollywood films
 2:00 ② **Robert Q. Lewis**—Shakes well
 ④ **Richard Willis**—Facial renovator
 2:30 ② ⑧ **Art Linkletter's House Party**
 ④ **Jinx Folkenburg**—Pretty talkin'
 3:00 ② ⑧ **Big Payoff**—Mink-lined quiz
 ④ **Motinee Theater**—Hour dramas
 ⑦ ⑧ **Film Festival**—British films
 ⑨ **Ted Steele**—Songs, talk, laughs
 ⑪ **Dione Lucas**—Knows what's cookin'
 3:30 ② **Bob Crosby Show**—Swings out
 ⑪ **Condid Comero**—Fun with Funt
 4:00 ② ⑧ **Brighter Day**—Blair Davies stars
 ④ **Date With Life**—Lagan Field, editor
 ⑤ **Wendy Borrie**—Vivacious
 4:15 ② ⑧ **Secret Storm**—Peter Hobbs stars
 4:30 ② **On Your Account**—Dennis James
 ④ **Queen For A Day**—Jack Bailey
 4:45 ⑥ **Letter To Lee Grohom**—Never dull

EARLY EVENING

- 5:00 ⑦ ⑧ **Mickey Mouse Club**—For kids
 5:30 ④ **Howdy Doody**—A children's favorite
 6:00 ② **News, Weather, Sports**
 6:30 ④ **Potti Poge**—Tues. & Thurs. only
 7:00 ⑤ ⑪ **News**
 ⑦ **Kuklo, Fran & Ollie**—Whimsical
 7:15 ⑤ **Tex McCrary**—Interviews MIPs
 ⑦ **John Doly, News**—Erudite
 7:30 ④ ⑧ **Songs**—Tony Martin, Mon.; Dinah Shore, Tues., Thurs.; Eddie Fisher, Wed., Fri.
 ⑨ **Million Dollar Movie**—Mar. 5-11, "Steel Trap," Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright; Mar. 12-18, "True & False," Signe Hasso.
 7:45 ④ **News Coronon**—Swayze's suave

LATE NIGHT

- 10:00 ③ **Million Dollar Movies**—See 7:30 P.M.
 11:00 ② ④ ⑤ ⑪ **News & Weather**
 11:15 ② **The Late Show**—Feature films
 11:20 ④ **Steve Allen Show**—A romp

Monday P.M.

- 7:00 ④ **Highway Patrol**—Brod Crawford
 7:30 ② **Robin Hood**—Richard Greene
 ⑦ **Topper**—Comedy of errors
 ⑪ **Susie**—Ann Sather reruns
 8:00 ② **Burns & Allen**—George vs. Gracie
 ④ **Coesar's Hour**—Sid with Nanette Fabray, April 2, Producers' Showcase
 ⑦ ⑧ **Digest Drama**—Gene Raymond

- ① **Public Defender**—Reed Hadley stars
 8:30 ② **Godfrey's Tolent Scouts**—Variety
 ⑦ ⑧ **Voice Of Firestone**—Concerts
 9:00 ② ⑧ **I Love Lucy**—Desi has a ball
 ④ **The Medic**—Forceful drama
 ⑤ **Boxing**—2 hrs. from St. Nicholas
 ⑦ **Dotty Mock Show**—Musicmimics
 9:30 ② **December Bride**—It's almost Spring
 ④ **Robert Montgomery Presents**
 10:00 ② ⑧ **Studio One**—Hour-lang dramas
 ④ **Dangerous Assignment**—Donlevy
 10:30 ② **Douglas Fairbanks**—Intriguing tales
 ⑦ **Boris Karloff**—Scotland Yard yarns

Tuesday

- 7:00 ④ **Gildersleeve**—Willard Waterman
 7:30 ② **Nome Thot Tune**—Tinkle of \$\$\$
 ⑤ **Waterfront**—Preston Foster stars
 ⑦ ⑧ **Worner Bros. Presents**—Films
 8:00 ② **Phil Silvers Shows**—Bilko's grando
 ④ **Milton Berle**, Mar. 13 & Apr. 3; **Bob Hope**, Mar. 20; **Martha Royle**, Mar. 27; **Dinah Shore**, Apr. 10
 8:30 ② **Novy Log**—True tales of U.S. Navy
 ⑦ ⑧ **Wyott Corp**—Hugh O'Brian, hero
 9:00 ② **Meet Millie**—Gay Elena Verdugo
 ④ **Jane Wymon's Fireside Theater**
 ⑦ ⑧ **Donny Thomas**—Fine & Danny
 9:30 ② **Red Skelton Show**—Daffy
 ④ **Ploywrights '56**—Circle Theater
 ⑦ ⑧ **Cavolcode Theoter**—True drama
 10:00 ② ⑧ **\$64,000 Question**—Hal March
 ⑤ **Conrad Nogel Theater**—Live
 10:30 ② **Do You Trust Your Wife?**—????
 ④ **Big Town**—Mark Stevens stars
 ⑦ **Where Were You?**—Ken Murray

Wednesday

- 7:30 ② **Brave Eagle**—Of Indian bravery
 ⑤ **Movie Night**—Dauble features
 ⑦ ⑧ **Disneyland**—Fantasy & fable
 8:00 ② **Godfrey & Friends**—Red's revue
 ④ **Screen Directors' Playhouse**
 8:30 ④ **Fother Knows Best**—Rabert Young
 ⑦ ⑧ **M-G-M Porode**—Revamped
 ⑪ **Bodge 714**—Vintage Jack Webb
 9:00 ② **The Millionaire**—Starring \$\$\$
 ④ **Kraft Theoter**—Highly recommended
 ⑦ **Mosquerode Party**—A treat
 9:30 ② **I've Got A Secret**—Garry Moore
 ④ **Project 20**—Mar. 14 only, "The Twisted Cross," a story of Hitler
 ⑦ ⑧ **Break The Bank**—Quiz far cash
 10:00 ② **U.S. Steel-20th Century-Fox**
 ④ **This Is Your Life**—Surprise bios
 ⑦ ⑧ **Wednesday Night Fights**
 10:30 ④ **Annual Oscar Awards**, Mar. 21

Thursday

- 7:30 ③ **The Goldbergs**—Gertrude Berg stars
 8:00 ② **Bob Cummings Show**—Farceful
 ④ **Groucho Morx**—Quipmaster
 ⑦ ⑧ **Bishop Fulton J. Sheen**—Talks
 8:30 ② **Climox**—Suspense drama. Shower Of Stars, Mar. 15
 ④ **Dragnet**—New look Marjie Millar
 ⑤ **Secret Files, USA**—Robert Alda stars
 ⑦ ⑧ **Stop The Music**—Parks perkin'
 9:00 ④ **People's Choice**—Jackie Cooper
 ⑤ **Wrestling**—Live with grunts
 ⑦ ⑧ **Stor Tonight**—Dramatic series
 9:30 ② **Four Star Playhouse**—Stories
 ④ ⑧ at 10:00 (Ford Theater)
 ⑦ ⑧ **Down You Go**—Dr. Bergen Evans
 10:00 ② **Johnny Corson**—Medium-rare humor
 ④ **Lux Video Theatre**—Hour dramas
 ⑦ **Music From Meadowbrook**—Flana gan's men
 10:30 ② **Quiz Kids**—Fadiman is moderator
 ⑦ **Racket Squod**—Handsome Hadley

Friday

- 7:30 ② **Champion**—About a horse
 ④ **Rin Tin Tin**—A dog's day
 8:00 ② **Momo**—Peggy Wood charms
 ④ **Truth Or Consequences**—Wow!
 ⑤ **Sherlock Holmes**—Private eye
 ⑦ ⑧ **Ozzie & Harriet**—Great!
 8:30 ② **Our Miss Brooks**—Cannie's cookin'
 ④ **Life Of Riley**—Bill Bendix comedy
 ⑦ ⑧ **Crossroads**—Abaut clergymen
 9:00 ② **The Crusader**—Abaut Red menace
 ④ **Big Story**—Headline dramas
 ⑦ **Dollar A Second**—Jan Murray quiz
 9:30 ② **Playhouse Of Stors**—On film
 ④ **Stor Stage**—Half-hour play series
 ⑦ ⑧ **The Vise**—Tight & suspenseful
 10:00 ② **The Line-Up**—Frisco palice in action
 ④ **Boxing**—With Jimmy the Powerhouse
 ⑤ **The Hunter**—Defender of innocent
 ⑦ **Ethel & Albert**—Male vs. female
 10:30 ② **Person To Person**—Visit the famed

Saturday

- 3:00 ② **Basketball**—Mar. 10, Globetrotters; Mar. 17 & 24, Natl. Invitation Tournament
 7:00 ② **Gene Autry Show**—Shaft-em-ups
 ④ **Henry Fondo Presents**—Drama
 ⑦ **Step This Way**—Dance cантest
 7:30 ② **Beat The Clock**—Stunts for prizes
 ④ **The Big Surprise**—\$100,000 quiz
 8:00 ② ⑧ **Stage Show**—Darsey Brothers
 ④ **Perry Como Show**—Hour revue
 8:30 ② ⑧ **The Honeymooners**—Gleason
 9:00 ② **Two For The Money**—Shriner quiz
 ④ **People Are Funny**—Except Mar. 17, 9-10:30, Presentation of Emmy Awards
 ⑦ ⑧ **Lawrence Welk**—Pop music
 9:30 ② **It's Always Jan**—Except Mar. 10, "High Tor," Bing Crosby an Star Jubilee
 ④ **Duronte Show**—The Schnaz
 10:00 ② **Gunsmoke**—Taut fram Texas
 ④ **George Gobel**—Gobs of Gobel
 ⑦ **Life Begins At 80**—Barry
 10:30 ② **Domon Runyon Theater**—Stories
 ④ **Your Hit Porode**—Top tunes

Sunday

- 11:00-Noon ④ **Eoster Porade**—April 1
 2:30 ④ **Richard III**—Mar. 11, film premiere
 3:00 ④ **NBC Opero**—"War & Peace," Apr. 8
 4:00 ② **Front Row Center**—Live, hour-dramas
 ④ **Mourice Evans Presents**—"Taming Of Shrew," Lilli Palmer, March 18; Mar. 25 & Apr. 1, **Wide Wide World**
 5:00 ② **Omnibus**—Distinguished
 ⑦ **Super Circus**—Jerry Colonna
 6:00 ④ **Meet The Press**—Celebrities fried
 6:30 ② ⑧ **You Are There**—History clive
 ⑪ **Life With Fother**—Leon Ames
 7:00 ② **Lossie**—The canine pin-up queen
 ④ **It's A Great Life**—Dunn's fun
 ⑦ ⑧ **You Asked For It**—Art Baker
 7:30 ② ⑧ **Jock Benny**—Alternates with Ann Sothern's **Private Secretary**
 ④ **Frontier**—Adult Westerns except Mar. 25, 7:30-9, **Max Liebmon Presents**—"Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl."
 ⑦ **Fomous Film Festivol**—Screen hits
 8:00 ② ⑧ **Ed Sullivan**—Easter in Hollywood
 ④ **NBC Comedy Hour**—Jokers wild
 9:00 ② **G-E Theoter**—Ronald Reagan, host
 ④ **Television Theater**—Fine, full hour
 ⑦ ⑧ **Chance Of A Lifetime**—Variety
 9:30 ② **Alfred Hitchcock Presents**—Drama
 ⑦ ⑧ **Original Amotuer Hour**
 10:00 ④ **Loretta Young Show**—Stories
 10:30 ② ⑧ **What's My Line?**—Job game
 ④ **Justice**—Based on Legal Aid Society

Hollywood's favorite
Lustre-Creme
Shampoo...



"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Doris Day. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Never Dries— it Beautifies!



Doris Day

co-starring in ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

"THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH"

A Paramount Picture in VistaVision.

Color by Technicolor.

INFORMATION

(Continued from page 12)



When visiting a hospital, should you—

- Razor up Remove your shoes Bring your buddies

Warning to patient: beware creeps bearing gifts! Even if they're his bosom cronies, they'd best sharpen up on hospital p's and q's. Do you arrive with fragile posies requiring daily care? Goodies that need special heating, or ice? Spare the harried nurses! Bring a plant, a book, or ice cream. P. S.: the

considerate visitor doesn't smoke without permission . . . doesn't sit on the bed. Rules are for patients' comfort, quick recovery. And for your own comfort (at calendar time) choose Kotex*—get softness that holds its shape, doesn't chafe. You see, this napkin is the one made to stay soft while you wear it.



Would he rate your sense of humor—

- Witches' brew Trustworthy
 From outer space

You know the girl with the lethal giggle (hyena brand) at someone's expense? The gossip, as she tells it, does get laughs. Trouble is, her dates feel uneasy, wonder who's next, and shy away. Boys prefer a brand of humor they can trust. On certain days, you can stay at ease with the sanitary napkin brand that gives trustworthy protection . . . the complete absorbency you need. That's Kotex! And you can wear Kotex on either side, safely.



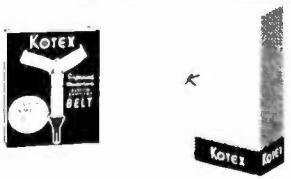
To intrigue a new date, try—

- Eye matching Eye catching
 Boosting your Eye-Q

Out to rack up another eager heart? Here's an old feminine wile still new and startling: wear a dress in a color that exactly matches your eyes. It's a spellbinder known to set even the worldliest ticker off beat! You can take admiring glances serenely at any time—with Kotex; those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. And why not try all 3 sizes of Kotex to learn which one exactly suits your needs? Regular, Junior, Super.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Made for each other—Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic, they're designed to prevent curling, cutting or twisting. So light-weight! And Kotex belts stay flat even after many washings. Dry in a wink. Buy two belts . . . for a change!



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. K-C CORP.

Sharpshooting Grandma

Would you please give me some information about Harry Lauter, who stars as Clay Morgan, in Tales Of The Texas Rangers, on CBS-TV?

T.C., Bruceton Mills, W. Va.

The star who plays the sidekick and right-hand man to Ranger Jace Pearson on the adventure series, *Tales Of The Texas Rangers*, received training for his role at a very early age. And his teacher was his own grandma! . . . Harry Lauter was born in Denver, Colorado, on June 19, 1924. During his young years, he was brought up by a very vigorous personality who, with her husband, was one of the outstanding circus aerial teams of their time. She was also an excellent horsewoman and a "deadshot" with a pistol. This robust woman, Harry's grandmother, taught him these skills so well that, at the age of 13, he sat a horse better than a saddle did and could put a pistol shot through a half-dollar at 30 yards. . . . At fourteen, Harry moved with his father, an artist, to San Diego, California, where, while attending San Diego High School, he picked up spending money working weekends at a local riding academy and working with rodeos passing through town. . . . After three years in the Army, Harry decided on an acting career. He arrived in New York in 1946 and began the rounds of casting offices. Finally, he landed a small part on Broadway in "The Story of Mary Surratt," starring Dorothy Gish. The following year, he headed for Hollywood and joined the Geller Theater Workshop. . . . His introduction to motion pictures came in 1948 when he landed a featured part in "Jungle Patrol." This paved the way for more films and for television. Harry feels his best motion picture role was as the "heavy" in "Yankee Pasha." More recently he was seen in the Fred MacMurray starrer, "Gun Point." . . . Brown-haired and blue-eyed, Harry stands six-feet-two-inches high and tips the scales at 185. He was married in 1946 to Barbara Jane, an actress. They have a six-year-old daughter, Brooke Elizabeth.

At Home On All Ranges

We would like to know more about Carol Richards, who sings on the Bob Crosby Show over CBS-TV.

H. & B. Forsberg, Knoxville, Pa.

Titian-haired Carol Richards, who has a two-and-a-half octave range, says she sings classical songs in the high range, uses the mid-range for pop and the low for sexy. No matter what range Carol uses, she always sounds at home on it. . . . The poised chanteuse has come a long way from the days she wept bitter tears before an audience. She was four years old and "when they asked me to sing the song again," she recalls, "I thought they meant I didn't sing it right the first time!" . . . Carol, whose parents sang in the church choir and amateur productions, was born in Harvard, Illinois. Her juvenile career almost ended when she was

BOOTH



Carol Richards

nine, because of a display of temperament against a bandleader whose arrangements she thought needed improvement. . . . Temperament or no—Carol had talent. And, at 15, she went on to vocalize at an Indianapolis, Indiana radio station. Meanwhile, she continued her formal education, studied dramatics, sang in the girls' glee club, edited her high-school paper, made the debating team and was president of her junior-year class. . . . The big chance came when she won a contest on Bob Hope's show during his engagement in Minneapolis. It was a big day for the petite, hazel-eyed songstress. Bob liked her performance so much that he brought her to Hollywood to guest on his show. She went on to be featured on the *Edgar Bergen Show*, *Lux Radio Theater*, *Stars Over Hollywood* and her own network show. . . . As a recording artist, Carol has made four platters with Bing Crosby, including "Silver Bells" and "Sunshine Cake." Her record albums include "Call Me Madam," "The Robe" and "Brigadoon." . . . In August, 1954, Carol joined Bob Crosby as a temporary replacement for Joanie O'Brien, who had gone on her honeymoon. Audience reaction was so enthusiastic that Bob asked Carol to remain with him. . . . The five-foot-three-inch, 110-pound lovely lives with her two children in an unpretentious three-bedroom house in North Hollywood. A talented decorator, she has paneled her living room with knotty pine, papered her own bedroom and created a circus motif in her daughters' room. . . . Her hobbies are sculpturing and reading poetry. She likes to watch football, enjoys swimming and the outdoor life. But mostly, she loves to sing.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.

AT LAST! YOU CAN
Stop "Make-Up,
Damage"
to your skin!

- Ordinary skin cleansers were never made for modern make-ups!

New-formula Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream is the modern cream especially blended to clean, soften, refine, and protect your complexion from the clogging, drying, aging effects of make-up!

Try it tonight—cream or liquid.
Then sleep tight with a radiantly clean skin safe from "make-up damage."

Lady Esther
4 purpose
face cream

Lady Esther
4 PURPOSE LIQUID FACE CREAM

T
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You can have That Ivory Look in just 7 days

Take a beauty tip from this little angel, and you'll have a heavenly complexion. Change to regular care with her beauty soap . . . pure, mild Ivory. Remember, the milder the soap, the prettier your skin will be. In only 7 days you'll have that fresh, young, satin-skin look—That Ivory Look.



99 1/2% PURE[®] IT FLOATS



Wash your face regularly with pure, mild Ivory. Mild enough for baby's skin—so right for your complexion.

MORE DOCTORS ADVISE IVORY THAN ANY OTHER SOAP!

For Blessings Received

*Loretta Young thanks God
for the loving lesson
her illness has taught her*

By BETTY MILLS

ONE DAY last fall, a very pretty girl, tanned and glowing with good health, drove her sleek Cadillac through the gates of the Samuel Goldwyn Studio. The gate-man stared at her uncertainly. She drove directly to the entrance to Stage 6, braked her car and, grinning brightly, called, "Hi, Harry!" to Harry Keller, one of the directors of *The Loretta Young Show*, who was just opening the stage door.

Keller turned, without a sign of recognition. The girl kept her smile, her huge gray eyes dancing with delight. As she got out of the car and walked toward him, Keller's puzzled expression changed to one of absolute, blank disbelief.

"Loretta?" he ventured tentatively—then, "Loretta!" he shouted, with a smile as bright as all the sunshine in California. "God love you, you look wonderful!" Arm in arm, Loretta Young and Harry Keller went through the stage door.

Keller's reaction was only a forecast of Loretta's reception by the other members of her show's cast and crew. It was a wonderful, heartwarming welcome for Loretta Young, with laughter bubbling over tears of happiness.

Wardrobe mistress Carey Cline, appraising Loretta's full, new figure, said, "You *really* have put on weight!" And now Loretta was



Continued →



Loretta wishes she could thank—in person—all those who sent her inspiring letters while she was ill.



She thinks she's "fat" now! Carey Cline, wardrobe mistress, is only grateful Loretta is healthy today.



Producer Bert Granet kept her show going, as famous stars volunteered to substitute for Loretta.



Back in the swing of things, Loretta revels in the work she loves—and the backstage jokes with Carey Cline and production-staff members John London and Nate Levinson.



More plans and chatter, with two important people on *The Loretta Young Show*—Harry Keller, who directed her return program, and Lowell Hawley, one of the writers.



Close friends like Helen Ferguson—who's also her public relations counsel—know that Loretta is a thoroughbred, always eager to "race" again.

For Blessings Received

(Continued)

boastful: "I weigh one hundred and sixteen pounds," she announced, "six more than I ever weighed in my whole life before! Isn't it wonderful? All my clothes have to be let out—I'm fat!"

But it was early in the dawn of November 16, before the sun was more than a promise in a brightening sky, that Loretta really came "home." It was then that she sat before her makeup mirror, for the first time in eight months. Her makeup finished, she walked from her dressing room, pushed open the heavy double doors, stepped briskly onto Stage 6 and entered her stage dressing room, where she changed into the new Werlé gown she was to wear for her first entrance.

All things were as usual on any Wednesday morning on



Welcome home! Norbert Brodine, cinematography director, shows Loretta how everyone on the set feels about her return.

The *Loretta Young Show* set—except that she was there! Excitement was in the air, despite the determination of all on hand to treat this day like any other. . . . to treat Loretta as though she'd been there all the eighteen weeks they'd been shooting without her.

At exactly ten minutes of nine, Loretta calmly took her place outside the door of her TV living room and waited for her cue to enter, in the usual friendly, familiar introduction of her show: The set is Loretta's living room. She opens the door, whirls through it, closes it, and walks straight toward the camera—straight into the hearts of her viewing audience. . . . In the weeks Loretta was absent from her show that door, symbolically, had remained closed, mutely awaiting her return to the series.

Now, Harry Keller called "Camera." And, sweeping through the door on this morning, Loretta held her breath—as if to distill this moment in her memory. As she had been missed, so had Loretta missed her show. She was thankful that God had let her come back to the work she loved so dearly.

With the TV lights shimmering over her emerald satin gown, she was stopped in her tracks by the spontaneous, heartfelt applause of the company. For two full minutes, every member stood and gave their star an applauding welcome. The thunder of that (Continued on page 86)

The Loretta Young Show is seen on NBC-TV, Sundays, 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Company for Tide and Gleem.

Big Man-about-HOME



Home—on NBC-TV: Hugh finds Arlene Francis a fine example of qualities he's always admired in women.



IT'S NOT the easiest thing in the world, being the only man in a galaxy of women—especially such talented women as the feminine experts on NBC-TV's encyclopedic daytime program, *Home*. Hugh Downs, the host on the show and general man-about-*Home*, has found it a "humbling" experience as well as an exhilarating one. But it comes from Hugh's heart when he says simply: "I love women."

"It's wonderful to work with the girls on the show," Hugh adds. "They're really great people. And Arlene

Hugh Downs has two "households": One on TV—all women!—and one in the country, with his own family

By WARREN CROMWELL



Home—in Connecticut: The "mere male" of the feminine daytime program finds the sexes more equally balanced. Son Hugh Raymond takes the masculine view, while daughter Deirdre takes after her mother Ruth!

Francis is one of the easiest people to work with you can imagine.

"It goes without saying that I've learned a lot about women from being on the show. For example, I've always been a 'single standard' man, myself. I've felt all along that women should be allowed to do anything they want to, in the way of running the world or holding down jobs. Now I find that there is not only a 'double standard' so far as men are concerned, but with women, as well. I've (Continued on page 82)

Hugh Downs is seen and heard on *Home*, NBC-TV, Monday through Friday, 11 A.M. to 12 noon EST, under participating sponsorship.



Hugh Downs is a man of many interests—on or off the air—but Ruth and the youngsters lead all the rest.



Father and son find lots of room for adventure—and plenty of wood to chop—in their own territory.



Hugh's always been proud of his cooking—isn't so sure, now that he's met those experts on *Home!*



He enjoys explaining scientific matters to Deirdre—and, in fact, to anyone who'll look and listen.



**Melba Rae looked beyond
the mountains and
found rainbow's end, as
Marge Bergman in
Search For Tomorrow**

By **GREGORY MERWIN**



Melba, who began collecting Oriental curios in the Far East, goes over a "find" with Gil Shawn, art executive.



She enjoys cooking, adores picnics, loves to get ready for a real outing.



She paints, too, both on the easel and on her furniture—when necessary.

No, not a "do-it-yourself" girl—but she can always do what has to be done.

Shelves above her bed hold pictures, books—and an alarm set for 6:30 A.M.

The Blue Horizon

ON HER wrist is a charm bracelet, and among the dangles is a Phi Beta Kappa key—honoring the lady for her brains. Next to the key is a gold wristwatch—honoring the same lady for her beauty. The wrist itself is pretty enough, but let's take a full-length view of Melba Rae, in person: She stands five-foot-three, from her size-five shoes to her auburn hair. And, in between, there's a size-eight figure. As if this weren't enough, nature added an extra-special feature—the lady has genuine almond-shaped eyes the color of a summer sky.

Melba Rae is known to millions, for she has been Marge Bergman in *Search For Tomorrow*, over CBS-TV, for more than four years. She has come to be loved for herself, as well as for the part she plays. A mother named her baby after Melba, because she was so taken with Melba's warmth and charm. Other parents write about their children, too, and send her pictures of them.

"I've exchanged dozens of letters with some," Melba says. "People are wonderful. They make you feel so good. They tell you that they like (Continued on page 70)

Melba Rae is Marge Bergman in *Search For Tomorrow*, over CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Procter & Gamble, for Joy, Spic and Span, Gleem.



Visiting friends include Gil Shawn, script writers Eileen and Robert Mason Pollock, TV director James Yarbrough (on floor).



George isn't a bit bashful about showing his mother how much he loves her, any time! He thinks papa Herman Gobel—whom he calls "Herb"—is just the greatest, too.



Alice and George Gobel, all dressed up and with some place to go—taking their moms, Lillian Gobel and Lucy Humecke, to the gala premiere of "The Desperate Hours."

The George Gobel Show. NBC-TV, three Sat. out of four, 10 P.M. EST, for Armour & Co. (Dial Soap) and Pet Milk (all products).

His mother knows: George Gobel is a very philosophical comedian—or is he a humorous philosopher?

By ELSA MOLINA

BECAUSE people think of NBC-TV's George Gobel only as a comedian, they frequently say to his mother, Mrs. Herman Gobel, "I'll bet George keeps you laughing all the time with his clowning." However, according to this woman who knows him best, George is a quiet, serious young man, a hard worker whose philosophy has always been: "You only get out of life what you give."

Lillian Gobel laughs at the misconception that George was an overnight success. "Nothing," she says, "could be further from the truth. George has been a professional since he was twelve—and an enthusiastic amateur since three. . . . But George hasn't always been a comedian. Music was his first love. As a baby he slept in a buggy alongside the family piano. My folks were musical and my brothers all sang harmony as I played the upright. They said about George, sleeping there as he did, 'If he doesn't grow up to be another Caruso, it will be a miracle.'

"In his free time, he sat by the hour listening to the victrola. His favorite song (*Continued on page 87*)

Dad may not know it, but Georgia and Gregg realize he is wasting his breath on that sunflower. And they're a little skeptical about the way George strums a guitar—though wee Leslie and mama Alice listen most politely.





“You Get What You Give”



Above, Steve says everyone on *Love Of Life* is "just great"—definitely including director Larry Auerbach and lovely Jean McBride, who is Meg. Below, Steve's own charming wife, Judy, helps him rehearse at home.



*As Hal Craig in Love Of Life,
as Steven Gethers in person, here's
one man who knows what he owes*

to the Ladies!



Thanks to the encouragement of two women, Steve has turned out to be a successful playwright, too.

Steven Gethers is Hal Craig in *Love Of Life*, as seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, for Whitehall Pharmaceutical Company, Boyle-Midway, Inc., Chef BoyArDee.



Judy—the girl he almost "missed"—is *the* woman in his life. But he's glad to share her with their two lively boys, Eric and Peter.

By FRANCES KISH

THERE'S a lurking glint of humor in Steven Gethers' eyes which gives him away, when you meet him "in person." Steve could never be the tough-minded, tough-hearted fellow he plays so often . . . not really that fellow, Hal Craig, he has been for three years now on television, in the daytime dramatic serial, *Love Of Life*. Steve acknowledges that Craig is a suave type of villain. "But," he adds, "the guy has charm, too, along with the villainy. He knows he has appeal for women, and he trades on that to get him out of scrapes. There's always the feeling that someday he might turn out to be better than he seems. It's what keeps him interesting."

The way Steve Gethers came to be this complex character ·
Craig is the way most important things (Continued on page 72)



Peter, not yet 3, likes to "pound things," would like to be a cowboy—or a monkey, for reasons all his own. Dad's only dream is to play more golf.



Eric, at 10, is mad about baseball, wants to be a player. He also writes excellent verse, might grow up to be a writer—or an actor—like his dad.



a Day at DISNEYLAND



1. Off to a heady start, Bobby watches as a Hawaiian hat is created for Spring.



2. Then they board a pirate galleon on a Peter Pan ride to Never-Never Land.



3. On King Arthur's carousel, Bobby finds a horse that reminds him of Fury.



4. On Main Street, Spring registers for Colorado, Bobby for California.



5. Sleeping Beauty's castle forms the background as they take the Dumboride.



6. Before leaving Fantasyland, they meet a witch on the Snow White ride.

**Spring Byington and
Bobby Diamond visit
a wonderworld of
fancy-free 'enchantment'**

WALT DISNEY is a dreamer—and twenty years ago he first had the dream of building a magic kingdom that would offer a new and lavish kind of entertainment for all the family. The dream grew and grew until it finally came true as Disneyland, a wondrous world for the young of all ages, located in Anaheim, California. . . . Here, Disney created four realms—Adventureland, Frontierland, Fantasyland and Tomorrowland—peopled with memories of the past, real or imagined, and with the challenge and promise of the future. He had the young-in-heart in mind . . . people such as Spring Byington, the effervescent star of *December Bride*, and Bobby Diamond, the all-boy hero of *Fury*. Together, Spring and Bobby spent an exciting day at Disneyland. It was a day crammed full of the sights and sounds of adventure and, as Spring and Bobby traveled from one "land" to another, it was impossible to say which one was having the more fun.



7. In Frontierland, Spring and Bobby "powwow" with Chief Shooting Star.



8. Before searching for more adventures, Spring and Bobby enjoy lunch in sight of the "Mark Twain," an authentic replica, in $\frac{5}{8}$ scale, of the riverboats of the 1900's.

See Next Page ➤

a Day at DISNEYLAND

(Continued)



9. A little boy lost is taken in hand by Bobby and Spring, who lead him to Lost Children Headquarters—and his folks.



10. At Adventureland, the "Congo Queen" takes them down a tropical river past 'gators, rhinos and cannibals.



11. Spring and Bobby couldn't pass the Mickey Mouse Theater without stopping to see some of Walt Disney's cartoons.



12. No traffic problem in Tomorrowland's Autopia, where Bobby takes Spring for a spin down a futuristic freeway.

Spring Byington stars as Lily Ruskin in *December Bride*, CBS-TV., Mon., 9:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by General Foods for Instant Maxwell House Coffee. Bobby Diamond stars as Joey in *Fury*, NBC-TV, Sat., 11 A.M. EST, for the Post Cereals Division of General Foods. The show, *Disneyland*, is seen on ABC-TV, Wed., 7:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by American Motors Corp., Derby Foods, and American Dairy Association.



13. They plan a trip to the moon with "K-7, Space Man," before taking off on a make-believe excursion in a rocket.



14. Going from tomorrow to yesteryear, Spring and Bobby board a stage coach to cross Frontierland's Painted Desert.

15. Spring Byington and Bobby Diamond sight Disneyland as they end their day on the bridge of the Pirate Ship restaurant.



NEW BABY TO SHARE

With love and skill, Hal Holbrook and his wife made a "brighter day" for little Vicki on a most important occasion

By HELEN BOLSTAD

Vicki adores answering the phone, says: "Our baby's fine!" Thanks to Hal's and Ruby's plan, she wants to share everything with wee David.

PROFESSIONALLY, Hal and Ruby Holbrook have played to thousands, but they staged the most important performance of their lives for an audience of one—their cherished daughter Vicki, who will be all of four years old this April. . . . Viewers and listeners know Hal as Grayling Dennis, editor of "The New Hope Herald" in *The Brighter Day* on CBS-TV and CBS Radio, a young man constantly beset by troubles. In contrast, Hal himself displays a pleasant confidence in being well able to handle any (Continued on page 77)

The Brighter Day is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 4 P.M. EST, for Cheer, Gleem and Crisco. It's heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

Actress Ruby helps Hal to prepare for *The Brighter Day*, in which he plays Grayling Dennis.

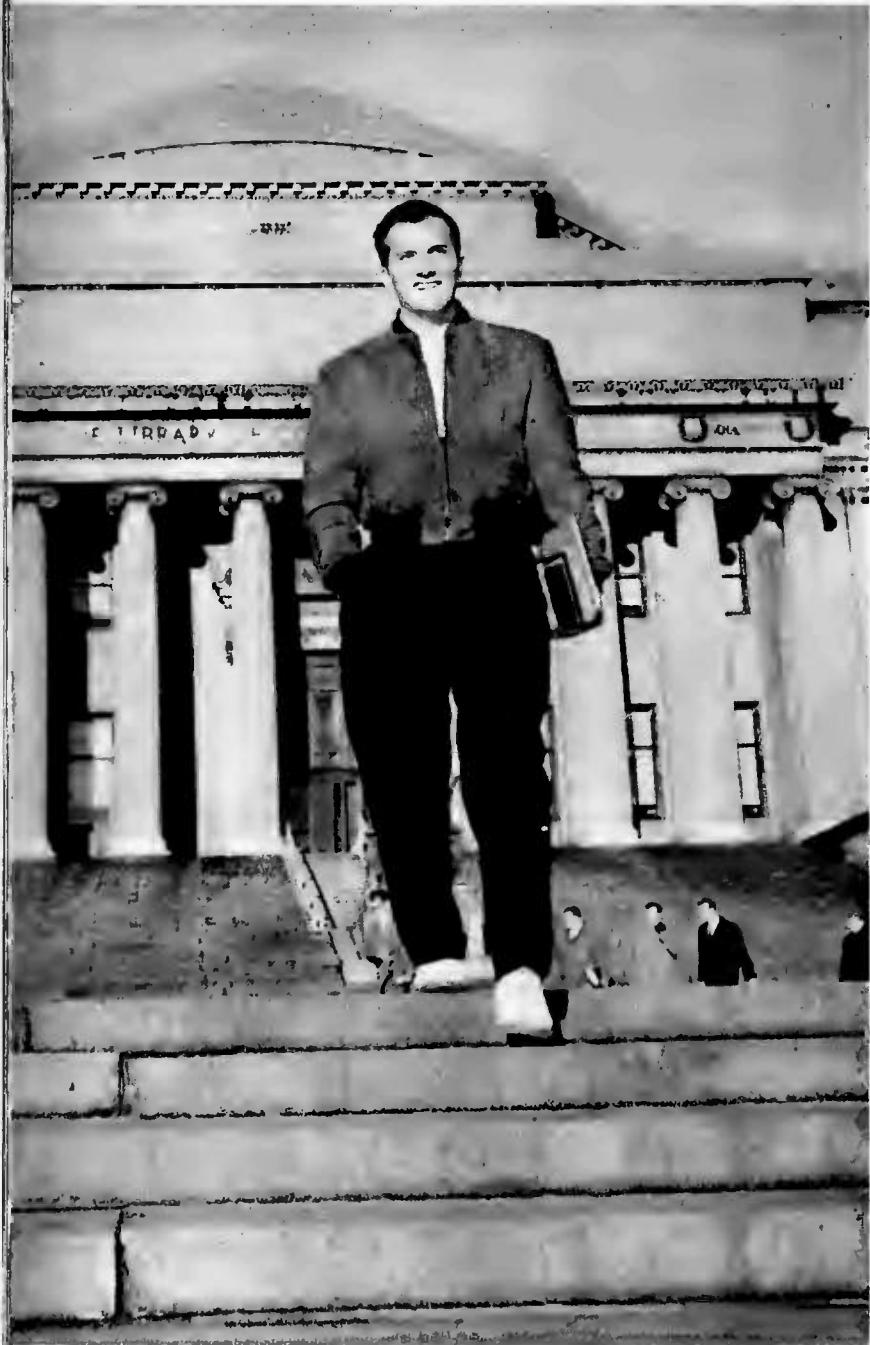
Hal's enthusiasm is Mark Twain, and he does a remarkable impersonation of the great humorist.

When Twain costumes proved too costly, Hal and Ruby whipped up their own clever reproductions.





Mr. BOONE goes to town



Going to college is something Pat started—and intends to finish. With New York as the center of his TV and recording activities, he's transferred to Columbia University, its famed library (above) and campus-in-the-city (right).

Pat's heard on *Arthur Godfrey Time*, CBS Radio (M-F, 10 A.M.), CBS-TV (M-Th, 10:30 A.M.)—under multiple sponsorship. Also, *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends*, CBS-TV (Wed., 8 P.M.)—sponsored by The Toni Co., CBS-Columbia, Pillsbury Mills, Kellogg Co. (All EST)

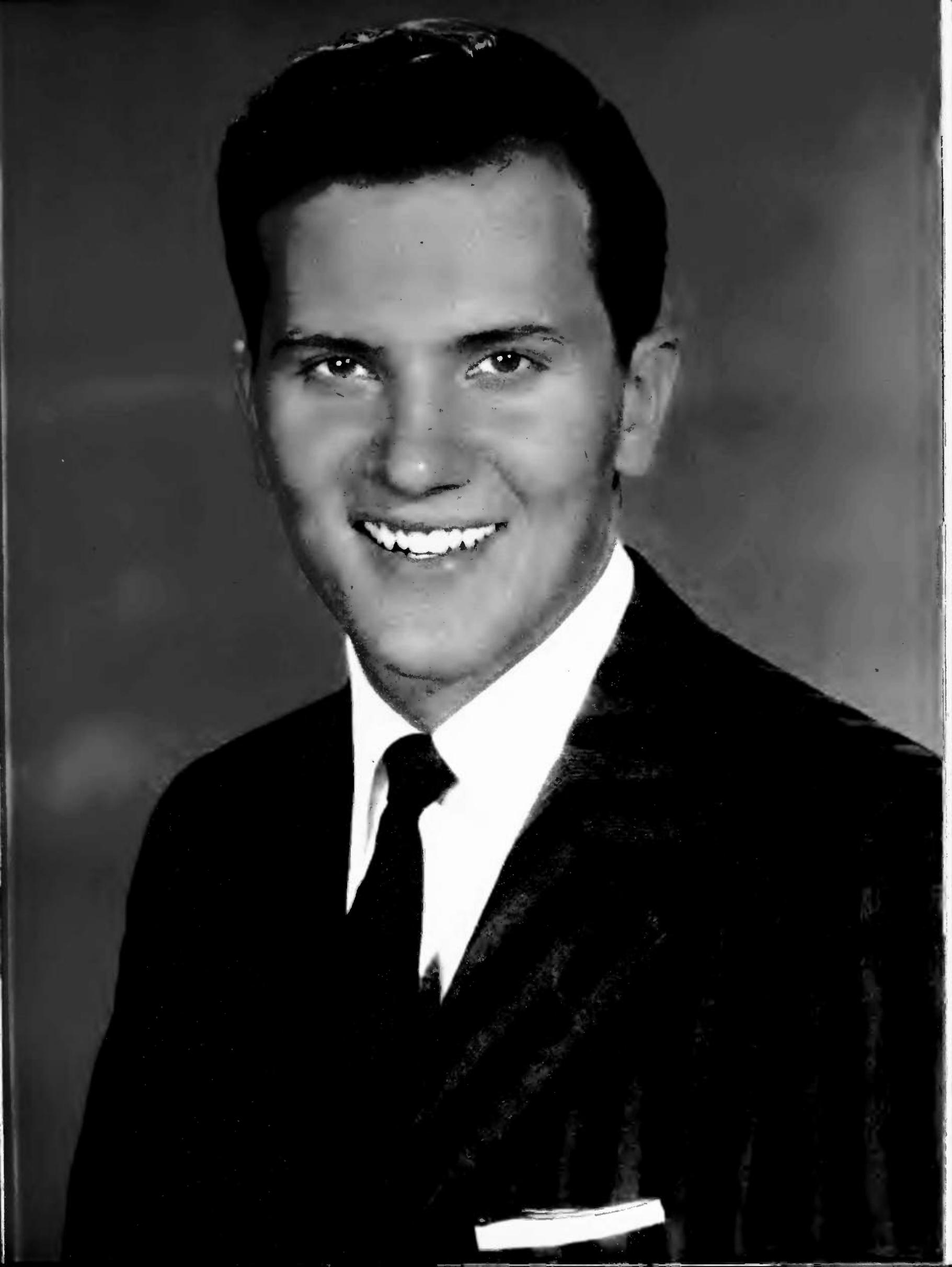
Pat's still busy studying the "three R's," when not on the Godfrey shows, but he's always known how to sound an A!

By MARIE HALLER

TODAY, young Pat Boone knows his way around New York—and Tin Pan Alley, too. He's a college boy who's rapidly becoming Big Man On Records, as well as a most popular guest on Godfrey's great shows over CBS-TV and CBS Radio. But Pat came mighty close to not even registering for the course, that day in February, 1955, when he answered a phone call from Hugh Cherry. "I'd certainly like to cut a record for you, Hugh," he said earnestly. "But a rock 'n' roll number is

Continued →





Mr. BOONE goes to town

(Continued)



Pat's a straight-A student. He wants to do whatever will help other people most, whether as a singer or a teacher.



It's a busy schedule Pat has to keep, as he kisses wife Shirley goodbye for the day, at their home in New Jersey.

completely out of my line. You know, I'm a 'pop' ballad singer. Never sang a rock 'n' roll number in my life."

But it was a "rock 'n' roll number" that helped zoom this handsome six-footer to the top of popularity polls within a year's time . . . "rock 'n' roll" plus Ted Mack and that well known man-about-talent, Arthur Godfrey. Now Pat's not only being seen frequently on TV, but he's also one of Dot Records' most promising artists. His combined mail, from the Godfrey shows and Dot Records, comes to some 1500 letters and picture requests a week . . . and handling the disc-company correspondence alone costs this 21-year-old \$300 to \$400 a month for pictures, postage and stenographic assistance in replying to his thousands of new-found friends.

"I don't seem to be able to get used to all this mail," grins Pat, his eyes opening wide in wonderment. "I used to think that people who were lucky enough to receive fan mail just received requests for pictures. And, of course, some of my mail is simply that. But a great deal of it is real honest-to-Pete letters. You know, telling me all about themselves . . . what they do, where they live, how they live, what they like . . . and asking me all about myself. And some of them carry on a correspondence with me just as they would with their best personal friends. I can't begin to tell you how wonderful it makes me feel."

"My only regret is that I can't always answer them the way I'd like to . . . with long, newsy letters like theirs. But, with my schedule of TV shows, recording sessions and a full curriculum at Columbia University, there just isn't enough time. Mostly, my replies have to be short. Maybe when I get my degree I'll have more time and be able to reply to these friends in the manner they deserve. In the meantime, I hope they'll understand and forgive me and know that I'm really grateful for their astonishing interest in me."

Having met and talked with this unassuming, soft-spoken and gracious Southerner, your writer is certain his fans will understand and stick by him for a year and a half until this straight-A student gets his teacher's degree. In case you're wondering what a top singer





Cherry is the older of the Pat Boones' two little girls. Not yet two, she already has a taste for music—country-and-western style, that is!

wants with a teacher's degree—in speech—it's simply a case of a man finishing what he started out to do.

Pat Boone never thought he'd turn out to be a singer. His object in life has always been to help people as much as he could, and long ago it occurred to him that teaching would afford him this opportunity. So he set his sights accordingly. Even though his career seems to have gone far afield from early intentions, Pat is determined to follow through on the preparation, at least, for those original plans. It certainly isn't that he's changed his mind about helping people . . . rather, it's that he's discovered that, through the medium of entertaining, he can accomplish what he set out to do.

"For lots of people," Pat explains, "life is no bed of

roses. And, if I can make them smile and enjoy themselves for even just a few minutes a day, perhaps I am helping after all. But there is one thing for sure: If I find my career as a singer and entertainer turns out to be simply mediocre, I'll go back to teaching so fast you won't be able to see me for the dust."

At the moment, a mediocre career for Pat seems hard to envision, for this is a young man with determination and with both feet on the ground. His present goals are three-fold: One, to finish college with good grades. Two, to be a success as a singer. Three, to have his own TV show someday.

Pat Boone started out life in Jacksonville, Florida, on June 1, 1934. He did not come (*Continued on page 85*)



It's always JAN

It wouldn't be Janis Paige, if she weren't giving TV everything she's got—including her heart

By BUD GOODE

WITH the audience's applause breaking over her like an ocean wave, Janis Paige danced off the stage of the smash Broadway musical, "Pajama Game," heading for her dressing room for the last time. It was her 458th consecutive performance—tomorrow morning, Janis was leaving the cast to take up the new role of Jan Stewart in the Janard production, *It's Always Jan*, over CBS-TV.

Red hair bouncing like a jaunty pennant in the breeze, hazel eyes sparkling, Janis danced through the wings, still in rhythm to the score's last syncopated note.

"Terrific, Miss Paige," said the prop man.

"Great show, Janis," called the stage manager.

"Thanks," said Janis, singing (*Continued on page 75*)



Jan asked only that her new apartment have enough room for her paintings, record collection, and dog Jody (on terrace, below left). Now she needs a whole house!



Reason? She just married Arthur Stander (above left), who not only writes and produces her TV show but also painted the picture on the wall, at the top of this page. Agency representative Jim Pollack is at right.



**Wherever they go, Eddie Fisher
and his Debbie find that two
hearts can beat together in . . .**



Precious hours away from the crowd meant a lot to young Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Fisher, down on Miami's Biscayne Bay. But, crowd or no crowd, they had eyes only for each other.



Starting out that day, the newlyweds had a lot of fun pretending they were just learning to water-ski. Actually, Debbie is an expert and had taught Eddie, months before.



Honeymoon Time

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

YOUNG Mrs. Eddie Fisher — nee Debbie Reynolds — sat dripping in the rear cockpit of the big twin-motored speedboat, and scribbled the Burbank, California address of her parents on the back of a card. Then, teetering precariously between boat and dock, she passed the card up to the photographer.

"That's my permanent address," she said. "That's where I'm sure the prints will reach me, no matter where I happen to be." She sounded a little wistful. "I'd be so grateful if you'd send me copies. See, I want them for the children someday. We can show them these pictures of us water-skiing all over Biscayne Bay and we can tell them, 'Your folks used to be young and athletic, too.'"

A moment later, the boat went roaring off again so Eddie and Debbie could play some more at water-skiing, this time without photographers aboard. They were, after all, on the closest thing to a honeymoon they'd had since their wedding, barely two months before; they'd given most of this precious free day to TV RADIO MIRROR's Miami representative and photographers for this story.

You may remember, if you followed the schedule of Eddie and Debbie after their surprise marriage at Jennie Grossinger's resort in the Catskills last September, that the Fishers left the next day for one of Eddie's shows in Washington, D. C. From there they flew on to South Bend, Indiana, and back to New York, and on to West Virginia, and—well, it was a real "grand tour."

There not only wasn't time for a honeymoon, there wasn't time for anything except work. And, if you think Eddie's work consists of strolling up to a mike for fifteen minutes of a weekday evening and singing (*Continued on page 89*)

Coke Time Starring Eddie Fisher is seen on NBC-TV, Wed. and Fri. at 7:30 P.M. EST—heard on Mutual, Tu. and Th. at 7:45 P.M. EST—as sponsored by The Coca-Cola Company.



The TV public saw what a great team the Fishers could be, in *Ford Star Jubilee* (but Debbie gave an even finer performance as hostess of her very first Mr.-and-Mrs. party).



AUNT JENNY'S FAMILY ALBUM



Aunt Jenny is heard over CBS Radio, M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, sponsored daily by Lever Brothers Co. (for Spry, Breeze, and Silver Dust) with Campbell Soup Company participating twice weekly (for Franco-American Food Products).

Littleton's "first lady" is justly proud of the stars her dramatic stories helped to create, over the years

FOR MORE than eighteen years, stories which pulsate with the heartbeat of life lured listeners as *Aunt Jenny* related the happenings around Littleton, U.S.A. . . . so many listeners that, when she left the air last year, Lever Brothers—who sponsored her on CBS Radio since January 18, 1937—were overwhelmed with pleas to bring *Aunt Jenny* back! Her return this January was a great New Year's gift, not only for audiences but for actors . . . because *Aunt Jenny's* honest, three-dimensional characters are a strong lure for performers, too. Only the best are chosen, whether already established or just starting on the road to fame. Pictured here are a mere handful of *Aunt Jenny's* noted alumni . . . graduates of a dramatic series which has always helped today's most promising players become tomorrow's big stars.

AGNES YOUNG

THE MODEST, friendly woman who has one of radio's most coveted assignments, as *Aunt Jenny* herself, couldn't have been cast more "true to type" . . . Agnes Young is a small-town girl at heart who has always found that dramatic success and a happy family life can be very compatible indeed. Although her mother died when Agnes was four, there was love and understanding to spare, in the Port Jervis (N.Y.) home the little girl shared with her grandparents, two brothers and violin-teaching father—and they were all her most enthusiastic boosters when she chose acting as a career. . . . Agnes married actor-producer Jimmy Wells in their early stock-company days, and they've since shared their mutual interest in drama, not only with each other, but with their daughter Nancy—now grown up into an attractive, talented actress who is frequently heard performing in *Aunt Jenny*!



PAUL DOUGLAS

BORN in Philadelphia, Paul was a football hero who became a sports announcer—then proved he had dramatic talent . . . first in radio, with early roles in *Aunt Jenny* . . . next on Broadway, as the junk tycoon of "Born Yesterday" . . . finally in Hollywood, in "Letter to Three Wives." Married to actress Jan Sterling, he now stars in such top motion pictures as "The Solid Gold Cadillac" and "Joe Macbeth."



AGNES MOOREHEAD

THIS minister's daughter, born in Boston, has an M.A. from Wisconsin U.—as well as many an acting award. Radio still thrills to her "Sorry, Wrong Number" . . . critics voted her best-of-the-year in the second movie she made . . . theatergoers everywhere acclaimed her in "Don Juan in Hell," touring with Charles Laughton, Charles Boyer, Cedric Hardwicke. Her most recent film: "All That Heaven Allows."



ORSON WELLES

Nobody had to discover "the kid from Kenosha," who did Shakespeare on his own at six! But radio—including *Aunt Jenny*—helped boost Orson to fame. . . . Since then, he's electrified Broadway, Hollywood, the world at large (and probably Mars). Picture above was taken in 1946, before he departed for Europe . . . from whence he just landed to do "King Lear" on stage—and storm American TV.

JOAN BANKS

SHE'S the feminine half of broadcasting's happiest romance—which blossomed about the time these two were playing in *Aunt Jenny*! . . . A native New Yorker, Joan was a most popular radio actress when she wed Frank Lovejoy in 1940. Now in Hollywood with her husband, she still stars in top radio and TV dramas . . . when not too busy raising their two children.

FRANK LOVEJOY

HE STUDIED finance at New York U., took a flyer in "little theater," soon found himself on Broadway—not Wall Street. . . . One of radio's highest-paid actors in the 1940's, he tackled Hollywood next—a single character role, then Frank was a cinema star, too, in such melodramas as "The Crooked Web." . . . Like his wife Joan, he still finds time to continue acting on the air.



MERCEDES McCAMBRIDGE

HERE'S one lass who made a name for herself at the mike—then won an Oscar for her first role on the screen (in "All the King's Men"). . . . Born in Joliet, Ill., Mercedes (named for a Mexican grandmother) attended Mundelein College in Chicago, has since lived in many lands. . . . Still active in radio-TV, she can also be seen in the film version of "Giant," Edna Ferber's titanic novel about Texas.

Magic in Numbers



Start with two, as

Peter Lind Hayes and

Mary Healy did . . . add

to the family . . . and

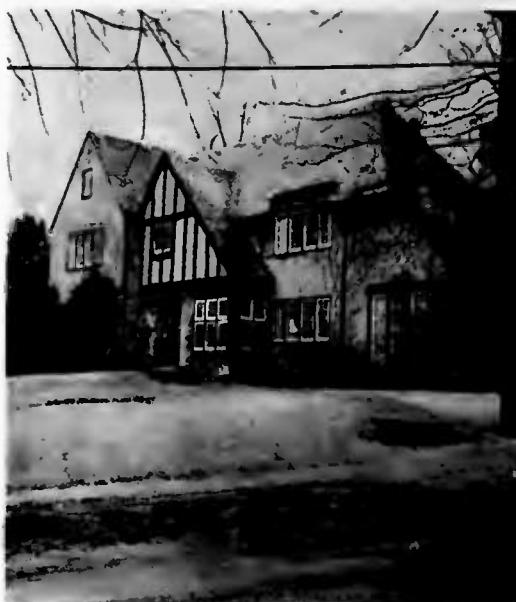
mix well for happiness

By GLADYS HALL

ACROSS a crowded room, the other day, a young actor with two marriages behind him (and another coming up) eyed versatile funnyman Peter Lind Hayes and his missus—blonde, brown-eyed, lovely-to-look-at Mary Healy—as if they were visitors from another planet. "Always together, those two," he said, "having fun together, still in love—or my eyes deceive me. And think of it," the man added, his voice dropping at least a full octave, "they've been married for fifteen years!"

Since quite a number of solid citizens (Continued on page 91)

Peter Lind Hayes is Arthur Godfrey's regular vacation-and-holiday replacement on *Arthur Godfrey Time*, as heard over CBS Radio, M-F, at 10 A.M. EST—and seen over CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 A.M.—under multiple sponsorship.



Home is a haven where they lead a very private life with their children—and a more public one on near-by golf links!



Peter proves himself an ace salesman for the family groceries and such, on *Arthur Godfrey Time*—then lends a hand or two at the piano, as Carmel Quinn sells a song.



He's got a pearly ear for rhythm, as musical conductor Will Roland gets in the swing—and a pair of tapping feet for a novelty number with Frank Parker and Tony Marvin.



Then it's off on a tour again. "This'll be a breeze," says Peter. Thinking of all the planning ahead, Mary isn't so sure—for reasons given in the story, starting at left.



Part of the Hayes-Healy act, as performed at The Sands, out in Las Vegas: The tuneful Toppers—Bob Flavelle, Paul Friesen, Ed Cole and Bob Horter—with Peter in the center.



My sister- DINAH SHORE



Once I had to advise Dinah about everything, including food. Now I'm grateful for her advice about my children.

She was a bit of a rebel herself, so Dinah knows how to handle little Jody when he wants to step out on his own.



Our family were always her greatest fans—though you would hardly have recognized "Fannye Rose" then!

By BESSIE SHORE SELIGMAN
as told to Peer J. Oppenheimer

THE MAIN DINING ROOM of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel was crowded with guests who had come to witness the presentation of the B'nai B'rith "Woman of the Year" award to my sister, Dinah Shore. The speeches were almost eulogies in praise of her beauty and accomplishments. "She is young, vibrant, radiantly alive," the main speaker proclaimed. "Her talent is magnificent. Yet her greatest success is found in the service to her family, her encompassing wisdom, and her humility. . . ." A lesser woman might have felt embarrassed, broken into tears, or else let all this praise go to her head. Not Dinah. She got up (Continued on page 80)

The Dinah Shore Show, NBC-TV, Tues. and Thurs., at 7:30 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Chevrolet Dealers of America. Dinah will also star in *The Chevy Show*, on NBC-TV, Tues., April 10th, from 8 to 9 P.M. EST, for the same sponsors.



Dinah couldn't have chosen a better husband than George Montgomery. Their "official" family includes Jody (John David), Missy (Melissa)—and their poodle, Sweetie Pie.





When most couples wed, they are "one." When Peter Hobbs and Parker McCormick wed, they were *seven*! The younger boy is Richie, the older is Dall. The three girls, left to right: Nancy, Ann, and Jennifer.

Close as a Heartbeat

Peter Hobbs of *The Secret Storm*
loves every living thing—particularly
his wife and fire beaming youngsters

By MARTIN COHEN

M R. AND MRS. Peter Hobbs, of Brooklyn, Broadway and television, are one of the most charming couples you're likely to meet. Peter has a zest for life, and his wife and children match him zest for zest. . . . Heaven on earth, for this man named Peter, is to have a banjo on one knee, his wife on the other, walls in need of papering, children who need playing with, and floors that need sanding . . . for Peter Hobbs likes music, carpentry, paper-hanging, gardening, husbanding, fathering—and has such a passion for fixing leaky faucets that he took a correspondence course in plumbing. . . . However, Peter Hobbs is an actor, too, and a fine one. As such, he plays Peter Ames in *The Secret Storm*—a mature, sober man with grave responsibilities. Peter Hobbs is also a mature man who knows the difference between a subway and a Cadillac convertible, and he has many responsibilities, but his disposition remains conspicuously cheerful.



See Next Page→

Actor Peter and actress Parker needed a big house for their brood, found just the right one in Brooklyn.

Double delight: Richie reads the comics, pedals the player-organ.

Peter dotes on household tasks, from plumbing to paper-hanging.

Music fills their home—though Parker forgot to bring her harp!





Redecorating the house is forgotten, as they all gather 'round the baby grand ("Peter married me for it," Parker insists). Below, Ann never hesitates to ask her dad, when she wants a "masculine viewpoint" on her teen-age wardrobe.



Peter Hobbs is Peter Ames in *The Secret Storm*, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, for Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway.

Close as a Heartbeat

(Continued)

"Pete is easy-going," says his wife, actress Parker McCormick. "Not that he can't be or isn't sensitive and intense. It's just that he's easy to live with and very understanding."

He is a six-footer, handsome, blond and rangy. "I have a permanent weight of one-sixty-five," he says. "I'm kind of a Jack Spratt with the metabolism of a goat. I eat no fat and no sweets. I love lettuce, spinach and vinegar." But Jack Spratt had only a wife. Peter Hobbs has a wife and five kids—too many for a pumpkin shell. So, last year, they went house-hunting, and bought a house in Brooklyn.

"We liked this house at once," he says.

"That's right," Parker recalls. "We fell madly in love with the price."

The house is a stately fifty years old. It is handsome, but saw service for many years as a boarding and rooming house. The floors were in terrible shape. So were the walls and the fireplaces and the backyard. Most men would have blacked out, thinking of the work involved, but Peter Hobbs—a pioneer of the do-it-yourself species—was in a state near bliss.

(Continued on page 83)



Roll that slab, lift that rock! The men of the house want a grassy plot.



Seems like just the ideal time for Richie to add to his rock collection.



Dall co-stars with his mother on the tape recorder, as Peter directs them.

Nobody knows the name of this stirring melodrama—and you can't tell the players without an official program!



Richard III

Television, the movies—and a playwright named Shakespeare—make a royal pageant

ALL the pomp, pride and passion of English history comes your way for home entertainment as television makes a little history of its own. In one of a series of "special events," NBC premieres "Richard III," a filmed spectacle with a list of credits that makes royal reading. The author is one William Shakespeare. Producing, directing, and playing the title role is Sir Laurence Olivier, whose previous films of Shakespeare's works gave them back to the people for whom they were originally written. After its first showing on NBC-TV, "Richard III" will be on view in movie theaters. But the premiere will be in your home, an event for all the family.



1. Amid the spectacle of his brother Edward's coronation, Richard (Laurence Olivier); a man physically deformed and morally depraved, begins to plan for the day when he himself will be England's king.



2. His first step is to woo Lady Anne (Claire Bloom)—and he begins his courtship over the casket of her husband, whom he killed.



3. Richard sets the king against their brother Clarence (John Gielgud), then feigns shock when Clarence is imprisoned.



5. With Edward and Clarence dead, Richard plots with Buckingham (Ralph Richardson) to prove Edward's sons are illegitimate heirs.



6. From cursing Richard as her husband's murderer, Lady Anne falls victim to a strange attraction and finally marries him.



4. Edward (Cedric Hardwicke) obliges Richard's ambitions by falling ill. He dies as he learns Clarence has been executed.



7. The staunch friends who have supported his lust for power find a hint of the future as Richard bids them kneel to the new king.



8. Richard has waded in blood to reach this point, but finally he stands before the throne. Unmoved by the distress and collapse of his wife Anne, Richard knows only that he is king—and that he will stop at no evil to preserve and enlarge his power.



9. Edward's sons have been imprisoned in the Tower and Richard has taken their rightful place on the throne. Yet, unable to rest while they live, he hires assassins to murder the two princes in bed.



10. Aroused by Richard's villainy, Henry Tudor challenges him for the crown. Richard displays superhuman strength and courage in the battle that follows, but finally he meets defeat and death.

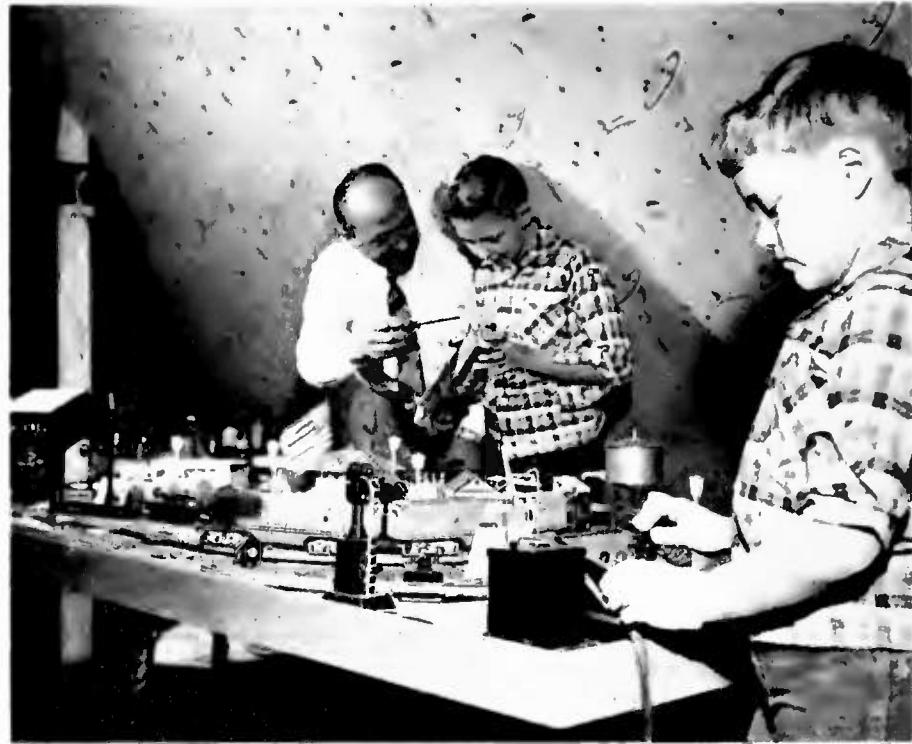


Mr. and Mrs. Paul Walken have reason to be proud of all three of their talented sons: Ronnie, 12; Ken, 16; and Glenn, 9.

Three Young Musketeers



Ronnie has his laboratory in the upstairs game room, where Ken helps out. (Glenn's lab equipment is in the basement playroom, so experiments won't get mixed up.)



There are marvelous model trains in the game room, too, and it's a toss-up as to who is the most eager engineer—Glenn (foreground)—Ronnie—or their dad.

**Glenn Walken of The Guiding Light
has two brothers who act, too—and
they're all for one, one for all!**

By MARIAN HELMAN

WE DIDN'T PLAN IT this way . . . it just happened. And, for a thing that just sort of grew all by itself, it's been a wonderful experience and ever so much fun." This is Mrs. Paul Walken's way of explaining how she, a non-professional, has raised three boys—all of whom have become proficient actors in their own rights . . . Ken, 16, Ronnie, 12, and Glenn, 9. And when she says it's "ever so much fun," she's speaking for herself as much as for her boys. She freely admits she "always had a yen for the theater" (her mother had been a professional dancer) but evidently not enough of a desire to strike out for herself. Now, being able to sit on the sidelines in the reflected glory of her three actively acting young men is all the excitement she could ask.



Growing boys must have their collections, and Mrs. Walken is glad that Glenn's hobby is something as educational—and relatively tidy!—as foreign coins.

See Next Page ➤



Three Young Musketeers

(Continued)

However, it was certainly not for this reason that any of the Walken brothers entered the acting profession. It all goes back to when Ken was eight and Mrs. Walken took him from their Bayside home to New York to register him with the Conover modeling agency. Ken did very well with his modeling assignments and obviously enjoyed himself. If there had been even the slightest indication that he disliked what he was doing, she would have put a stop to these activities immediately. As Ronnie and Glenn came along, they had a natural entree into the business as a result of their older brother's success. Along with his early Conover jobs, Glenn also worked with the famous baby photographer, Constance Bannister, and you'll find a number of his pictures in her fabulous collection of baby pictures satirizing big business men.

Again following in their older brother's footsteps, Ronnie and Glenn parlayed their modeling careers into TV and radio careers via that bill-payer of all time—commercials. When he was five, Glenn got his first call for a commercial try-out . . . on TV's *Chance Of A Lifetime*. Among the other contestants was brother Ronnie. Eliminations were made and eventually it dwindled down to the two Walken boys. Mrs. Walken started worrying. This was the first time any of her boys had been in direct competition with each other. One had to lose! How would he take it? How should she handle the situation should friction and jealousy result?

As it turned out, her worries were all for naught. The directors obviously (Continued on page 79)

Glenn Walken is Michael Bauer in *The Guiding Light*, as seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST for Ivory, Duz and Cheer—and heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, for Tide and Gleem.



Dad shares the Walken bays' enthusiasm for mechanical toys. Glenn's particularly fascinated by boats, and he can't wait to grow up and "buy a yacht for the family."

DAYTIME DIARY

(Continued from page 18)

they are getting close to the secret—but may never live to learn it. CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY Helen's dress shop gets off to a cheering start with the able help of her lawyer friend, Mr. Wilcox. But their warm relationship is strained when his daughter Roberta comes back to town and meets Helen's son, Mickey. And trouble brews in another young heart when reporter Elliott Norris' ward, Peggy, realizes he is falling in love with Helen. Can she do anything about it? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Emotionally worn out after her husband's death, Wendy returned to her job as columnist on a big New York paper prepared to go about the task of reconstructing her life. Now she finds herself confused and a little frightened at the entanglements she seems unable to avoid . . . with her boss, Don Smith; with the attractive Katie Macauley; and most of all with writer Paul Benson. CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES During the years of their marriage, Joan and Harry Davis have weathered ups and downs of many kinds, but the fundamental solidity of their love has never been shaken. This background of secure happiness qualifies them now to help others, and a good many of their friends can well be grateful to the Davises for advice and understanding that has set a life—or a love—on a better, sounder course. ABC Radio.

WHISPERING STREETS Wherever there are people, there are stories being lived, stories of love and hate, mistakes and triumphs that do not always emerge into public light. Every day, narrator Hope Winslow tells such a story, complete in one episode, pinpointing the dramatic events that can build to such emotionally significant climaxes beneath the surface of ordinary-seeming lives. NBC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Jessie Carter has been a mother for many years, a mother-in-law for part of that time, and a grandmother for quite a while now. But she still cannot fathom the truth about her oldest son, Jeff—cannot be sure where his happiness lies, or how anyone, even a mother, can go about helping him find it. For Jeff doesn't seem to be unhappy . . . and yet isn't he missing too much in life? NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE All during his battle to gain control of the Dineen Clinic, Dr. Ted Mason has emphasized his belief that Three Oaks is ready for a new kind of medical practice—his kind. But after Jerry Malone's resignation surrenders the Clinic into Ted's hands, he begins to make an unexpected discovery. What will the town itself have to say about the Mason Clinic—and about Dr. Jerry Malone? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Ellen's faith in Dr. Anthony Loring is at last justified when she is able to prove to the whole town that he did not kill his wife, Millicent. But with the solution to this grim problem comes a new disturbance in Ellen's life. The path to happiness, far from stretching clearly before her, takes an unexpected turn in the near future. Does this mean she will have to follow it without Anthony? NBC Radio.

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KILL HAIR ROOT permanently and unwanted hair is gone forever. Mahler Epilator used successfully over 50 years. Use only as directed. Send 5c for booklet. Mahler Corporation, Providence 15, R. I.

WHOLESALE CATALOG 30-80% Discounts! Appliances, Musical Instruments, Typewriters, Phonographs, Watches, Jewelry, Recorders, Housewares, etc. Consolidated Distributors, 218 Lafayette, Paterson 15, New Jersey.

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\$100-\$400 **MONTHLY POSSIBLE**, preparing envelopes, postcards, from mailing lists at home. Longhand, typewriter. Detailed Instructions only 25c! T. Economy, Rowley, Mass.

DRESSES 24c; shoes 39c; men's suits \$4.95; trousers \$1.20. Better used clothing. Free catalog. Transworld, 164-A Christopher, Brooklyn 12, N.Y.

ENVELOPE PREPARING FACTS—extra income opportunities revealed through HM service. Free details. Maxwell, Dept. 2-3, Cleveland 14, Ohio.

MAKE SPARE TIME money preparing and mailing sales literature. Adams Surveys, 3513C Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 26, California.

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SELL OUR READY cut aprons at home, spare time. Easy, Profitable. Hanky Aprons, Ft. Smith 3, Ark.

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HOMEWORKERS! Get \$1.00-\$5.00 Each Clipping Items From Newspapers. Eastern, Box 142-W, Dorchester 24, Massachusetts.

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Please send me free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

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CALIFORNIA SWEET SMELLING BEADS. Sensational sellers. Free Particulars. Mission, 2328AA West Pico, Los Angeles 6, California.

60% PROFIT COSMETICS \$25 Day up. Hire others. Samples, details. Studio Girl-Hollywood, Glendale, Calif., Dept. 1664-H.

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The Blue Horizon

(Continued from page 35)
your smile or admire a blouse you wore. But the nicest thing is the friendship. The nicest thing they ever write is to close by saying, 'I wish you were my real neighbor.'"

Melba's personal friends and real neighbors don't merely say she's "nice." They use words like "outstanding" and "very wonderful." One of her friends—Mrs. Bess Lande, an occupational therapist—said, "Melba gives so much of herself. Even she doesn't realize it. I was at a party of Melba's and she introduced me around. Later, one of the guests asked me what I did. When I told him, he seemed puzzled, then finally explained that—the way Melba had introduced me—he was sure I was someone he ought to know about, in a 'big name' sense."

If you were really Melba's next door neighbor, you'd need a pretty good pair of legs to borrow a cup of sugar, for she lives on the top (fourth) floor in a walk-up apartment. The apartment is in Greenwich Village, right off Washington Square.

"When I first came to New York, I fell in love with the Village," Melba says. "It reminded me of the kind of Paris I dreamed of, as a kid."

It was an answer to the kind of a dream that comes to a girl who grows up in another kind of village—one in the Rocky Mountains. You go back several generations to learn how Melba Rae got there. Melba's forbears were Mormon pioneers who pushed their way in covered wagons from the East Coast to Utah. One of these grandparents, Christian Christiansen Hansen, now in his nineties, still lives in Melba's home town of Willard.

"He was in his teens when he made the trek," Melba says. "They tell the story that, during the journey, he turned his horse and wagon over to a man whose wife was pregnant, and then walked and lugged his own gear. He's a fine man and still vigorous. Just a few years back, he built himself a new home."

The town of Willard is at the mouth of Red Rock Canyon, and Melba grew up in a house made of rock as a fortress against Indian raids. Her father was a rancher and a farmer. Melba remembers that, as a child, she spent many afternoons straddling a fence and watching her father and cowboys work the cattle. Her father was a builder, too, and put up dikes and dams. Her family was not rich, says Melba. "But my home was cheerful, except for the long illness of my father before he died."

Melba's mother is an intelligent, happy woman, and there is a great deal of resemblance between mother and daughter—they even share the same birthday. Her mother was an admirer of Nellie Melba, and it was for the celebrated opera singer that she named her first-born.

"Mother confuses friends when she comes to visit. She calls me, 'Melba Rae,' because Rae is my middle name. My last name is Toombs, and I always liked it—even though some people made grave remarks about it! But, in my first play on Broadway, I found that they had dropped my last name from the program, and I thought someone was suggesting tactfully that I use Rae."

Melba says that she owes a great deal of her education and development as a child to the Mormon Church. The church was across from the school, and all social activities centered around these two buildings. There was a movie once a week, and singing, and craft classes in sewing and building useful things.

Melba's theatrical career began as a child. Her bedroom door opened on the

porch, and she used to stretch a rope from her door to a big tree and hang a quilt across the line as a curtain. One of her specialties was a "veil dance." She was her own costumer. For Cinderella's ballroom scene, she sewed patches of tinfoil on her grandmother's cape.

"The children came at a penny a head," she recalls. "I never charged pins—never less than a penny, never more."

Melba was the older of two children and her brother Bob did not approve of the shows. Frequently, he expressed his own creative talents by turning the lawn hose on the audience. For this, there was no extra charge.

But a girl in a small town does a lot of daydreaming, and Melba thought a lot and read a lot about the world beyond the mountains. Since Melba left Utah, she has traveled widely in Europe and Asia. She has toured almost every state in the union. But she has never experienced anything as grand as the backdrop she could see from her bedroom window in Willard.

"The walls of the house were as thick as a fort should be. The window ledge in my room was deep enough to seat two

"Of course, I stayed on in New York," she remarks. "This is where every actress wants to be, anyway. And I had saved my money. I began looking for dramatic work, but it was six terrible months before I got my first break."

Her subsequent success as an actress is impressive. Melba charmed Broadway in "Janie," "Happily Ever After," and "Days of Our Youth." In television, there is hardly a dramatic program she hasn't worked on—*Philco, Kraft, Big Story, Circle Theater*, and many others. She has been on several major daytime and evening radio shows. And Melba has "dubbed" English voice for many foreign films.

For the past four years, she has been Marge Bergman in *Search For Tomorrow*—a role she very much enjoys. "People sometimes say, 'That must be tedious, playing the same part, day after day.' They are wrong. It's wonderful to get so intimate with a role and grow with it."

Melba stays in training for her work, like an athlete. She must be up at six-thirty to make the eight-o'clock rehearsal. To do this, she goes to sleep at ten-thirty. If she is at a party, she leaves early. If she is going to the theater, and can't be in bed before midnight, then she takes an afternoon nap to make up for the shortage of sleeping-time. Although the telecast is over at twelve-forty-five, there are auditions and rehearsals for other shows that keep her in town many afternoons.

Her apartment consists of a bedroom and living room, an efficiency kitchen, and a kind of dressing room between the bathroom and living room. The apartment has been furnished with thought.

"To me," says Melba, "a home is something special. It's a place where I study and sleep and eat and read and entertain. It's got to be furnished right—but not showy, for then you wouldn't have money left over to enjoy it."

Melba does her own housekeeping, and neatly, too. She cooks frequently and does all the cooking when she entertains.

"I've become proud of my cooking," she says. "Maybe because I had so little to be proud of a few years back. I like French dishes best for guests. I don't know whether there is anything special about my recipes. Like most women, I start off borrowing one from a friend. Something I liked. After I've made it a half-dozen times, it's changed a little and becomes my own."

Melba likes to give small dinner parties, and likes everything to be white and pink. She uses a white cloth and pink napkins and pink candles. She likes seasonal flowers on the table—violets in spring, dahlias in fall. The white and the pink and the flowers go well with the green she has chosen for her walls and rugs. The decorative theme, itself, is Oriental. "The Oriental 'kick' began when I toured the Far East with a show for the Armed Forces and did some shopping in Tokyo."

She brought back Japanese prints of the Kabuki Dancers and these are hung in the living- and bed-rooms. She bought an Oriental screen of which she is particularly proud. It is a short screen and she uses it on a dresser to camouflage a lot of personal belongings. This dresser—a necessity—has been placed in one far corner and practically painted right into the wall.

Centered in one wall is a woodburning fireplace. On the mantel are Oriental carvings of onyx and rose quartz and jade. On either side of the fireplace is a chair in functional modern and, on the side tables, large, black lacquered bowls.

Opposite the fireplace is a studio couch, covered in gray-and-green striped chintz.

Landslide!

Your votes poured in . . .
the results come out . . .
in our May Awards Issue

TV RADIO MIRROR
APRIL 5

adults. As a child, I stretched out there alone and looked straight up at three mountain peaks. It wasn't awesome so much as it was cosy. The first time I left home was to go to Stanford University—and, without my mountains, I felt naked."

Her first experience away from home was frightening. She was awed by the education and versatility of her classmates. At the end of the first semester, when she went home for the Christmas holidays, she packed her trunk and took all her belongings with her. "I was convinced that I'd flunked out of school," she explains.

Her grades came by mail, and she learned that she had earned nothing but A's and B's. She went back to school and established quite a record, both scholastically and in the campus theater. She had started off, quite practically, by majoring in history and economics. She had a full-tuition scholarship and paid for the remainder of her expenses by doing secretarial work. Her junior year, she switched to a major in English literature and dramatics. She was so good that she was a student instructor in speech during her senior year—and, to top it off, was tapped for Phi Beta Kappa.

There were two jobs offered Melba after graduation, one as a dramatics instructor at a girls' school and the other as an actress at Station KFRC in San Francisco. She went to KFRC, but not for long. The Elgin Watch Company began a search for the most beautiful and brainiest gal in the country. They started off by interviewing female Phi Beta Kappas—and, naturally, chose Melba. They brought her to New York for two months of interviews and promotions. She was paid well and, as a memento, was given the gold wristwatch.

Melba made the cover, as well as the matching drapes. She also designed and made the glass and wood coffee table.

Centered between her living room windows is a handsome chest, in natural oak with Oriental pulls. The chest was originally finished in yellow fumed oak, stood five feet high on bandy legs and had peculiar pulls. Melba sawed off the legs, sanded the chest down to its natural grain and then lacquered it. She went into Chinatown and found Oriental brass trivets which she sawed in half for handles.

"I'm not a legitimate 'do-it-yourself' person," she says. "What I mean is that I don't do it as a hobby or for relaxation. I just do these things because they have to be done."

On top of the chest is a television set—and, atop the set, an unframed portrait of Melba. An artist friend who did the portrait is dissatisfied with it and so won't let Melba frame it, but she likes the painting and doesn't want it destroyed.

Her bedroom has the same green wall as the living room. She made the bedspread of nubby yellow cotton and, over the head of the bed, a set of shelves attached to the wall. She says: "It looks like a DC-6 control panel."

She has a radio clock to turn on the news at six-thirty and an emergency regular-wind clock set, in case the electricity goes off. On her shelves there are many books, including a dictionary for ready reference, and a picture of her mother.

On one shelf, there's a picture of her three nieces. On another there is a collection of stuffed animals. One is a Stanford dog with a big letter S (how he earned it is rather obscure). There is a teddy bear with a pointed nose like Winnie The Pooh's. "This bear must be over three hundred years old," she says. "It belonged to one of my great-great-grandmothers, and my grandmother Toombs brought it West with her in one of those pioneer wagons."

Around the apartment, Melba relaxes in shorts, even through winter, but she cuts a sophisticated figure when dressed and she gets many compliments. "I like good clothes, simply cut and well-made," she says, "but it's not expensive, for I keep them forever."

For recreation, Melba reads and paints—and, in season, she's crazy about picnics. Like most single girls, she particularly favors dating as a recreation and likes the theater and movies and horseback riding. She rides very well.

She's a good conversationalist, but considers herself a liability at the theater. She cries buckets, at sad movies or plays. When she saw "Summertime," she was sobbing so hard that she hardly had strength enough to leave the theater. But, crying or laughing, the theater is her favorite entertainment. Her friends range from grocers to art collectors, but she particularly enjoys the company of actors, because she loves the theater and her career.

"But it could never be a career and nothing else," she says. "I can't close people and things out of my life. Everything comes in. And I can't be trivial about these things."

She is never less than earnest about any part she plays and her aim in *Search For Tomorrow* is to make Marge Bergman as real as can be. "Marge is a wonderful person," Melba says. "She's lovable and loves everyone and yet she's assertive, quick to get angry and go to someone's defense. She cries easily but has a lot of spunk. She's a very, very nice gal with lots of pep. I can't help like the part."

As the old adage says, "If the shoe fits, put it on." The role of "nice, peppy" Marge Bergman fits Melba Rae like a dream. And everyone loves the way she wears it.



The danger in waiting for your child to outgrow pimples

by MARCELLA HOLMES
NOTED BEAUTY AUTHORITY

(former beauty editor of "Glamour" magazine)

Of all the mail that reaches a beauty editor's desk, there is none so urgent as letters from adolescent girls with pimples. That's why I want to alert mothers to the double dangers of this problem. Psychologists tell us that pimples undermine poise and self-confidence, can cause permanent damage to a child's personality. Skin specialists warn that acne-type pimples, if neglected, can leave permanent scars on the skin.

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To the Ladies!

(Continued from page 39)

have come about in his life. Unexpectedly. In some cases, almost casually. . . . Like the way he began to date his wife, Judith, although they had known each other for four years before he really noticed her. . . . The way he broke into radio because a lovely young actress, Jan Miner, happened to hail his uncle's taxicab one morning, and they struck up a conversation. . . . The way he began a writing career, along with his acting. . . . All of them big, important things in his life, growing out of small incidents.

Seeing Steve in his own living room—a pleasant harmony of greens and beige and tans and modern pieces—with Judy and their two boys, Eric and Peter, you sum him up as a handsome man, in his early thirties, tall (almost six feet), broad, athletic looking. A fellow who loves all active sports yet would be equally at home on a dance floor. His hair is black, his eyes hazel, with always a spark of humor.

Judy Gethers has a twinkling look, too, though she's a non-professional—"and expects to stay that way," Steve comments, as if delighted that there is only one career to be coped with in the family. Judy is a graceful, compactly built brunette. The boys have her merry smile and their dad's charm—and their own personalities.

Peter, who can hardly wait to be three this summer, is the family clown, with marvelous imagination. At the moment his great ambition is to be a monkey, rather than a policeman or fireman like some of his more prosaic young friends. The reason for this departure from conformity? "He wants a tail," Judy explains. "He's fascinated by the way monkeys can climb and hang by their tails." Peter admires cowboys, too, and bucking broncos, and things you can pound with and on, as an outlet for some of his bubbling energy.

Eric has the humor that is a family trait, and a more serious side, as befits a fellow going on ten years old. He's the reader, the writer of poetry (free verse and the rhyming kind, and both unusually expressive for his age). He goes to the public school near the huge apartment development in which they live, right in the heart of New York, built around lawns and playgrounds and curving walks. Eric is crazy about baseball and isn't sure at this point whether to become a ball player, a writer, or maybe something he hasn't even thought about yet.

Steve himself always knew what he wanted to do, even at an early age, although the idea probably took definite shape when he played roles in school dramatic shows at New Utrecht High School (in Brooklyn, where he was born on June 8, 1922). He wanted to be an actor, and he knew it then, and because of that he matriculated at the University of Iowa, majoring in drama. After about two years, he came back to New York to enroll at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, from which he graduated and went on into summer stock.

There was another reason for coming back to New York, which may have outweighed the first. Judy had finally emerged as the girl, not merely a girl, and Judy lived in New York, a long way from Iowa. They had met at the same summer camps since he was fourteen. "It was this way," Steve says. "We said hello at the beginning of the season and goodby at the end. That was about it."

"Until one night, four years after our first meeting, there was a concert at the camp and all the fellows had dates afterwards. They were going to the local ice

cream parlor. Someone told me to grab a date, too, and Judy happened to be the girl sitting next to me. She said she would come. That was the beginning."

They became engaged while Steve was in the Army. "He took me into a neighborhood bar one night and pulled a ring out of his pocket, without preparing me at all," Judy tells you. "The reason we had to go to a bar was that there was just too much family around at home, and he couldn't wait to find a more appropriate place. I was too surprised and excited to make much fuss over the ring. We never did really plan our marriage. He spoke to his father about it, not to me."

"Because Judy wasn't home when I telephoned," Steve explains. "No one was home at her house. I was on maneuvers with the Field Artillery, in Louisiana, and I had asked my captain for a furlough to get married. When I couldn't reach Judy I called my father and asked him to tell her I was coming home for our wedding. He suggested that maybe a girl would like to be consulted about such an important event, but I knew she was ready. We were twenty-one and twenty then, and had been going together a long time. We had only six weeks together before I went overseas for more than two years."

With separation from the service, finally, there came a period of readjustment for Steve. Things seemed rough for a while, but his training and his background of summer stock led to his getting a job as stage manager and understudy in a Broadway musical, "Toplitzky of Notre Dame." He toured after that with another play that "died" in Boston before ever reaching New York, and he went on tour with "Joan of Lorraine," starring Sylvia Sidney. His one big chance to act on Broadway was with Mary Boland, in a play called "Open House"—but it closed in a week.

Kids he knew in show business were doing all right for themselves in radio, and Steve yearned to join them but didn't quite know how to begin. "My cab-driving uncle, Harry Silverman, took care of that for me, although I kept pleading with him not to. Whenever he picked up anyone in his cab who seemed to have any connection with show business, especially radio, he would turn around and start by saying, 'I have a nephew—'

"Usually he got the brush, of course. There seem to be plenty of New York cab drivers with talented members of the family—according to them at least! My uncle's fares had heard variations on this story before. But, one day, he telephoned in great excitement and said I must see him at once. It seems he had picked up a wonderful young actress in his cab. As usual, he had turned around and said, 'I have a nephew—' Only, this time it had worked. She said that any day, after her broadcast, I could see her at the studio and, if I really had talent, she would introduce me to people who might help me.

"I didn't want to go. My uncle insisted. When I got to the door of the studio I stood outside, feeling foolish. I finally did go in and introduced myself to her. She was Jan Miner, who today plays Terry Burton, on *The Second Mrs. Burton*, and stars in many of the big night-time TV dramatic shows. Even ten years ago, when we first met, she was already established in radio.

"Jan asked me about my training and experience and told me how to go about getting auditions. She introduced me to people who could help. Through her introductions, a program called *Radio City Playhouse* began to give me bit parts and

—finally—a big, fat part on one of their programs. After a while I was getting good parts on many shows and playing running roles in a number of daytime serials. All during this time, Jan was just wonderful about giving me advice and teaching me. She does more nice things for people than anyone could count up, and I owe her a great deal. She is married to a great guy who is an actor, too—Terry O'Sullivan."

The way Steve got into *Love Of Life* was almost as unusual. His agent told *Love Of Life*'s producers that he had just the right actor for the role, one who perfectly fitted the physical description and had all the other qualities to play Hal Craig. They had asked for two other actors to test, however, and felt time was too short to bother with seeing Steve. Neither actor got the job, nor did any of the others they tried out. Finally, they had about decided on one, although not completely satisfied with their choice. At this point, Steve's agent suggested again they see Steve. "Just let me send this guy over and you can take a look at him," he asked. Reluctantly they agreed. Steve read for the part on a Thursday, went into the show on the following Monday, and signed for the usual thirteen weeks—which have now lengthened into three years.

On the show he plays opposite a stunning actress named Jean McBride, who is Meg Harper in the script. The mail about the good-looking, suave Hal Craig and the beautiful, restless Meg has been rather overwhelming. Apparently the sight of these two handsome, strong-willed people being pitted against each other and sending off sparks in their acting has caught the imagination of viewers.

Steve admires Jean, praises her ability. "I can truthfully say that, although I have done some 300 shows on television and worked with many, many people, there has been no one like Jean. She never comes to a broadcast unprepared, she never does the wrong thing."

"There's no tension anywhere on this show. Everyone concerned with it is just great. Dick Dunn, who produces the show for the agency. Larry Auerbach, our director. The whole cast, the staff, and the crew. All just great people."

Steve's knowledge of television is no longer limited to the actor's side, either. Not since a couple of years ago, when he turned TV script writer. And this, too, happened in an odd and unplanned way.

He came home one day, complaining about the awful sameness of his roles on crime shows. He had played every gangster role in the world, he felt, and was dizzy from getting hit over the head—or hitting someone else over the head—as he expressed it to Judy. She had a constructive answer: "You always wanted to write, so why don't you sit down and write the kind of script you'd like to play?"

Steve thought she might have something there. He worked out an idea for his script, wrote and re-wrote, and eventually sold it to *The Clock*. They gave him the lead role. After a while, he added magazine detective stories to his writing schedule—until he realized that, in order to earn some fast dollars, he was turning out the same monotonous plots he had resented playing. So he quit, and determined to write more serious stuff.

When he had been on *Love Of Life* about a year, he tried his hand at a one-hour dramatic TV script and, through his effort to market it, he met the woman who has helped him tremendously with his

writing. For he finally submitted his play to Marion Searchinger, script reader for an important agency.

"Once more, however, I might have held back," he says, "if it had not been for Judy. One Monday, when I was going to rehearsal, Judy reminded me to take the script along to Miss Searchinger. It was late in the season to sell anything on the theme of baseball, and maybe it wasn't good enough. 'Take it in,' Judy said. 'You have nothing to lose.'"

Later, Steve learned that Miss Searchinger had agreed rather reluctantly to read the script, only because someone else in the office had asked her to, because someone had asked him. "As far as she was concerned," Steve notes, "I was just another actor who thought he could write. Next day, shortly before *Love Of Life* went on the air, I had a call from her at the studio, asking me to get over after the show. The sum of what she said was that—even if she couldn't sell that particular script—she was sure I could turn out others, if I were willing to work hard.

"She did sell that script, five days later, to the *U.S. Steel Hour*, in time for the World Series season. It was produced under the name of 'Baseball Blues.' Between her help and that of Mark Smith, who is editor for Maurice Evans and does the adaptations for his shows, I learned more about script writing than I imagined there was to know. I have since sold to *Kraft Theater*, *NBC Matinee Theater*, *Lamp Unto My Feet*, and others."

The way things were happening to Steve it could hardly have been a surprise when Long Island University asked him to teach a class in playwriting this season. He wasn't sure what kind of teacher he would make, but he liked the idea at once. In his opening speech to his class, he said that it seemed to be a choice perhaps of getting a teacher who couldn't write, or a writer who couldn't teach, but he would do his best.

At home, the family watches television together when they have time. Steve never misses a major sports event if he can help it, and Eric is right there next to him when it doesn't interfere with school work or bedtime. Peter, of course, likes the cowboys and spacemen. They see as many of the dramatic shows as possible, too, and all the big productions that everyone likes. And daytime dramas, when Steve isn't working.

Much of the time at home he's back in his room, pounding on his typewriter. As the keys click to the rhythm of his ideas, life goes on in the apartment around him. Peter brings his favorite pounding toy into the hallways and starts banging big colored pegs into the holes designed for them, until Judy gently draws him into the farthest corner of the apartment where the sounds grow muffled. Or she tactfully substitutes something less noisy. She doesn't even fuss if Peter jumps up and down a little on the big living-room sofa and leaves his sticky fingerprints on the edges of the mirrored wall behind it, as long as he keeps quiet so Daddy can work.

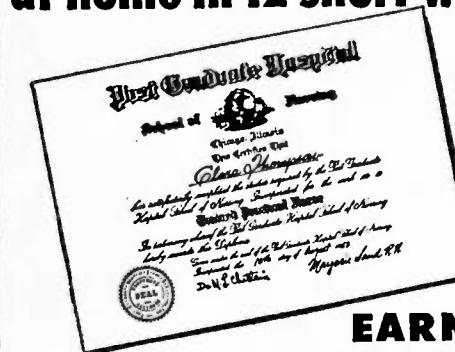
Eric may come bouncing in from school, hungry as only a boy can be, wanting to talk about the day's doings and the plans he has afoot. The telephone has been ringing, there is marketing to be done, but Judy has managed to keep this state of confusion well under control.

So . . . even if, on *Love Of Life*, Hal Craig is a suave, devil-may-care sort of fellow—the kind the movie ads used to say "you love to hate" . . . at home, Steven Gethers is a hard-working actor-writer who wouldn't change his own satisfying life for that of anyone else in the world. That glint of good humor which lurks in his eyes tells you so.

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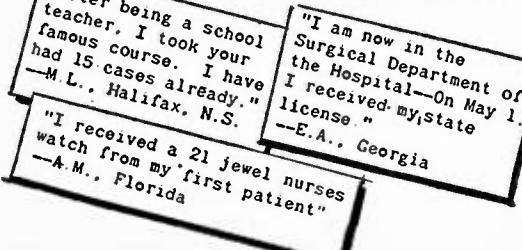
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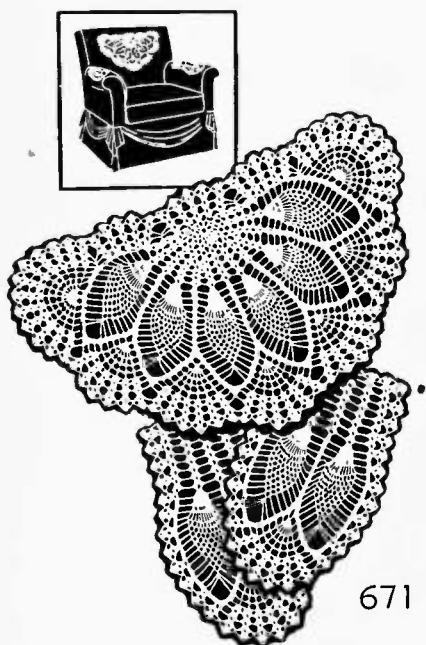
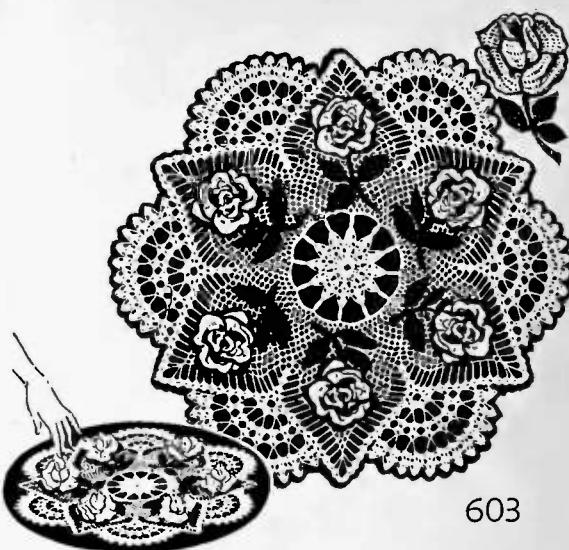
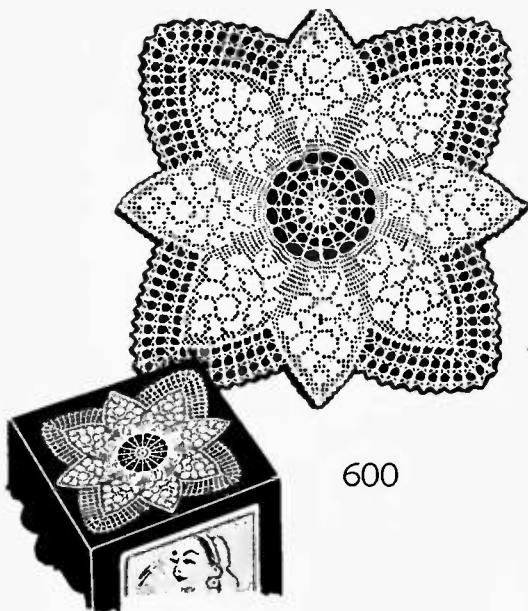
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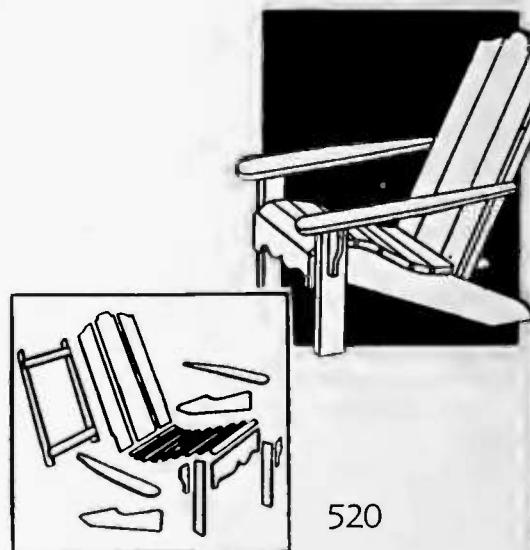
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It's Always Jan

(Continued from page 51)
her way into her dressing room. Her managers and two closest friends, Ruth and Lyle Aarons, were there waiting.

"Janis," said Lyle excitedly, "you continually amaze me. After 458 shows, I'd think you'd begin to get tired. Yet that was a real, live performance."

"You're right, Lyle, I do get tired," said Jan, dropping down on a chaise longue. "There are times in life when we all do. But I've learned that's the time to give it all you've got."

On the *It's Always Jan* set in Hollywood, Jan was still "giving it all she's got." Janis accepted TV as a demanding medium and, as with everything else in her career, she turned her heart over to the American TV audience with no strings attached.

Jan's enthusiasm for her new role is illustrated by the way she accepted it. With only six days to report to Hollywood, she had to sub-lease her apartment in the East, pack her prized paintings and records, fly to Los Angeles and find an apartment that would take Jody, her dog, too. "Before I'd leave Jody," she says, "I'd sleep in the streets."

Once in Hollywood, Jan barely had enough time to hang her paintings, spread out her records, and report to the studio. Sixteen weeks later, still living out of a suitcase, Jan was all enthusiasm: "I'm continually amazed to think we've been making a little motion picture every week for the past four months. Isn't it terrific!"

But if Jan was too busy to unpack, there was still time to fall in love. Jan first met Arthur Stander in the fall of 1954, when he came to New York to see "Pajama Game" and to talk to its lovely lead about starring in a television show. By March, they were partners in Janard Productions, a company formed to produce *It's Always Jan*, with Miss Paige as star and Mr. Stander as producer.

By the time the new year rolled around, Jan and Arthur were set to extend the TV partnership to include marriage. The ceremony took place January 18, in Las Vegas, and their TV production schedule allowed time for a twenty-four-hour honeymoon.

"My cup is spilling over," Jan glows. "I don't know how any woman can be happier than I am. Not only do I have my television show but, more important, a wonderful husband. He's not only my producer on stage, he's also the kind of guy who wears the pants at home—and that's what I need."

"It'll be wonderful getting out of the apartment and into a house. We're moving into a little place in Bel-Air just as soon as it is ready for us." Then the brand-new Mrs. Stander adds: "My marriage will not affect my career in the immediate future. But sooner or later, it's bound to. I want children, lots of them, and when I have them I don't want to have to farm them out during the day while I go to the studio. To my way of thinking, there is one thing that is more important than a successful career, and that is a successful family. I mean to have one."

Before her marriage, Jan had talked about a desire for roots and for a home, after her years of wandering the show-business circuits. "I'm not looking for any dream man, not a Prince Charming on a white horse. I've no preconceived ideas even on what he should look like, but the prerequisites such as understanding, gentleness and humor should be there."

Arthur Stander has these qualities—plus modesty. When a friend congratulated the couple with "You two lucky people . . ." Arthur answered: "I know Jan could have

done a lot better, but I know I couldn't have."

Jan's personality, reflected in her many interests, is as varied and bright as a spring garden. She's a study in contrasts: She has a passion for the diverse arts of romance languages and baking; she collects fine paintings and sits before them knitting; she's satisfied with a few possessions, but has many friends; she's generous to a fault, and gets a blank check from her business manager only at Christmas; she is most proud of her classical records—racy new Thunderbird—and elegant crystal; she would like "any small house with a view"; on rainy days, she reads psychology—while listening to pop records.

Music constantly surrounds her. She had an RCA portable in her "Pajama Game" dressing room. When Manny Sachs, vice-president of RCA, walked in after a show to congratulate Jan, he saw the portable and said, "Since music is your life, you should have a bigger player than that." Next day he sent an elegant mahogany, three-speed, hi-fi player, plus albums and records.

Jan is a bug on education. "I thought I'd never get through high school," she says. But her books and magazines cover every subject. Jan has a wide fund of knowledge and interests, many of them developed as a result of the travel she has put in with appearances across country.

"I am grateful to Warner Bros.," says Jan, "for they gave me my first train ride to Chicago and New York, for the opening of the picture, 'The Time, the Place, and the Girl.'"

Because Jan had been such a hit on the personal appearances, Warners' sent her to New York's Bergdorf Goodman to buy two new outfits—"and," Jan adds, "two Walter Florel hats. The treatment spoiled me. I was very unsophisticated about the whole thing. Instead of eating in the dining car on the way home, I spent all my time looking at my reflection in the window—to make sure my new hats were on straight. But I learned on that trip that, when you travel alone on a train, you can't help meeting and talking to interesting people. I thank Warner Bros. for those train rides—a terrific education."

Later in 1949, Jan went to Italy for five months, to do a picture, and there she developed her strong interest in both foreign languages and painting. She learned to speak fluent Italian. "But when I came home," she says, "no one would talk it with me." Now she wants to brush up on the Italian, and then learn Spanish, too.

While in Rome and Naples, Jan's interest in painting developed. She is now an avid art fan. "My favorite boulevard in all the world is New York's Madison Avenue," she says, "because of the many shops and art galleries. You can get an education just walking down Madison Avenue."

Once, while strolling down the street, Jan spotted a painting that appealed to her in one of the galleries. Walking in, she asked the price. "Four hundred dollars," the dealer said. Jan swallowed hard. That was too much. Then another picture, titled "Miss Otis Egrets," caught her eye. She liked its humor. "How much is that one?" she asked. "Sixty-five," said the dealer. "I'll take it," said Jan.

"Miss Otis Egrets" was Jan's first painting. The others include a clown's head, by Ivan Rose, and Arthur Stander's painting of Jan's name in lights on the marquee of the St. James Theater, where "Pajama Game" played.

Ruth Aarons, Jan's manager and one of her closest friends, knows that Jan is

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basically a sentimental gal. Ruth has made sure that Jan is home for every Christmas, since that bleak Christmas in 1950, shortly after Jan's return from Italy. Jan then lived in a bare New York apartment without rugs or stove—she cooked on an ironing board. It was the first Christmas Jan had been away from home, and one of the loneliest periods in her life. Then, on Christmas Eve, Ruth and Lyle came into the apartment loaded with gifts and a tree. Jan dissolved into tears of happiness. "These two," she says of Ruth and Lyle, "never left me alone when I needed them. They've been through every happiness and crisis with me... they are like my own family..."

There have been times in Jan's career when she has been afraid, and times when she was low, but she has always had the courage to wade in and battle life. Born Donna Mae Tjaden, one September 16 in Tacoma, Washington, she says of her early life, "We were always apartment dwellers—we never lived in a house. I slept on the day bed, and I was always falling off. Later, in New York, the first thing I bought was a king-size bed. What luxury!"

Jan and her mother and sister went to live with her grandfather when she was still very young. Jan describes her grandfather as a kind and understanding man. "He was the one," she says, "who slipped me a dollar when the fair came to town." Jan's biggest regret is that her grandfather died just as her career hit the big time.

"Grandfather was always there when I needed him," she recalls. "He was the biggest single influence in my life. I remember one day when my sister Betty and I were coming home from school and Ira, the bully on the block, started to push us around. He'd teased us every day and I decided we'd had enough. I hauled off and hit him on the nose. When he spouted blood, he was so surprised he ran home. I was scared to death—I thought I'd killed him. Betty and I turned and ran, too."

"We flew into the house looking for Mother. She wasn't home, but Grandfather was. 'Granddad,' I cried, 'I've been in a fight. I hit Ira.'

"Grandfather asked, 'Why?'

"I said, 'Because he teased and pushed us and I hit him and gave him a bloody nose!'

"That's good enough for me," Grandfather said. "Forget it and go wash your face."

"Fifteen minutes later, Ira and his parents rang our bell. When Grandfather opened the door, they said, 'Look what your granddaughter did to our son!'

"Grandfather laughed, 'Isn't that a shame?' he said. 'In the future, you tell your son to leave my granddaughter alone. If he picks on her and hits her—and she doesn't hit him back—I will.'

"Then Grandfather closed the door on their surprised faces, saying, 'Honey, don't look for trouble. But, when you've been knocked down, that's the time to swing back the hardest.'

As a child Jan was always singing. She had a rich voice. Both family and friends nursed visions of an operatic career for her. As a teenager, her singing won her the lead roles in Tacoma Stadium High School's annual musical comedies.

Jan remembers that on opening nights she was too ill to eat. "But I learned from my grandfather," she says, "that, with life, you've got to go out and try. Even if you get belted, so what? You're learning."

Once out of high school, Jan worked as a secretary in a Seattle plumbing and supply store. But she wanted to sing. Knowing a singing career wouldn't come to her until she first went after it, in 1944 she and her mother bought a second-hand

car and drove to Hollywood.

In Hollywood, in the middle of the war, Jan donated some of her time to pouring coffee and making sandwiches for service men at the Hollywood Canteen. Then, one night, one of the scheduled performers couldn't make it and Jan stepped in with a song. The next thing she knew, she was under contract to M-G-M.

From M-G-M, Janis went to Warners', where she starred in many of their leading musical productions from 1944 to 1948. It would be nice to say that Janis Paige became a big Warners' movie star and lived happily ever after, but such was not the case. By 1948, Jan had become a star, had made many good pictures—and several not so good. She was unhappy with the scripts and finally bought back her contract.

Then began a trying period in Jan's life. Her savings shrunk to nothing, she was forced to sell her possessions to live. Because of her own personal integrity and honesty, she had dropped from stardom's

to make mistakes. You get swatted down—so what? Just as I've always believed: As long as you're trying, you're learning.

"Did I finally get over my fright?" Jan echoes. "Sure—closing night in Chicago."

After "Remains To Be Seen," Jan went back to the night-club circuit. One night at the Copa in New York, Hal Prince, Bobby Griffith and Frederick Brisson, the producers for the then-unproduced Broadway show, "Pajama Game," came up to her and said: "Janis, we haven't any money for our new show yet... but, when we get it, you'd be great as Babe Williams..."

"What kind of part is it?" asked Janis. "She's a pajama factory grievance committee leader," said they.

Janis raised one eyebrow. "A what?"

"That's the reaction of the money men," Prince and Griffith and Brisson went on. "Inside a pajama factory?" they say. "What's that got to do with a Broadway musical?" But, believe us, Janis, it's going to make a great show. And, when we get the money, we'll call you. Okay?"

"Okay," said Janis, who promptly forgot the interview and went back on the road.

In February of 1954, Jan was in Windsor, Ontario, playing the Casino Royale. "It was a stormy day," she says, "and I was miserably cold. Then suddenly my manager, Ruth Aarons, called. 'Bob Hope has asked to have you on his show,' she told me. 'How would you like to come home to California?'"

Jan's appearance on Bob Hope's Hollywood TV show was a great success. To top it off, Jan received word that she was to go into rehearsal for "Pajama Game" the very next day! "I was so excited with all the good news," she says, "I nearly flipped! At the Burbank airport waiting for the plane, I was having such a great time celebrating with friends, I completely forgot the time—and I missed the plane!"

"I was terrified! It was the biggest chance of my life, and here I was sitting 3,000 miles away! I was even afraid to call New York, for missing a first rehearsal is unforgivable. But I finally got up enough nerve to call Ruth.

"Well, Face" (Ruth's nickname for Janis' expressive visage), 'well, Face, it's about time you missed something!'"

As Ruth later explained, "Janis is the regular 'On-Time Gal.' I was glad she was relaxing and having a ball—it was about time. And missing one rehearsal didn't really mean so much . . ."

The rest is history: Janis Paige was a smash hit in "Pajama Game." Her reviews were the sort of thing Hollywood stars dream about but seldom get on Broadway. Jan became the toast of the town.

"I never thought television would happen to me," she says. "I'm the biggest optimist in the world—but, when you think of people like Jackie Gleason and Lucille Ball on TV, you don't think of yourself in the same breath. Besides, so much had already happened to me in the last year that having my own show on TV, too, was almost too much to expect."

As with everything in her life, Jan has given her all to her new career in television. Recently she made a flying trip to New York to see "Pajama Game." She says, "Whereas, it used to be 'Janis' or 'Miss Paige,' when I got off the plane, the stewardess said, 'Nice having you aboard. Goodbye, Jan.'"

The prop man greeted her with, "Hello, Jan," the stage manager said, "Why, look who's back to see us—it's Jan!" And on the streets, in the subways—it seemed everyone was saying, "Why, it's Jan!"

It's plain to see that, because she has thrown her heart into the TV ring and plunged in after it, Janis Paige has been taken into the hearts of the American public. "It's Always Jan"—and it always will be.



Janis Paige and Arthur Stander extend the partnership to marriage.

peak to a valley of ill health and despair. Then Jan remembered her grandfather's advice: *When you're most down and out, that's the time to swing the hardest.*

Jan built up an act and left Hollywood for the night-club circuits, playing all the small spots across country, and a few of the big ones. "Night-club audiences differ," she says. "One night, they clap and laugh. The next, they sit on their hands. You run hot and cold. But if you give up on your first bad night, you're lost forever. The only thing you can do is take the good with the bad. At least, if you keep trying—when your big break comes along, you are ready . . ."

Jan's act had been building for a year, and was beginning to receive a great deal of acclaim. "Yet I was a long way from either California or New York," she says, "and this didn't exactly make me happy." Then she was suddenly offered the starring role in "Remains To Be Seen," on Broadway.

"Lindsay and Crouse, Bretaigne Windust and Leland Hayward were like fathers to me," she remembers gratefully.

"They knew the headaches that went into putting a stage show together. Having had no experience, I wasn't prepared. I was frightened to death every night I walked on the stage. But with 'Remains' I learned again that you can't be afraid

New Baby To Share

(Continued from page 44)
situation . . . "until," as he says, "it came time to consider the matter of Vicki and the new baby." Admittedly, then, both Hal and Ruby were concerned.

Ruby, who is taking a few years' hiatus from the footlights to star in her important real-life role of being a mother, explains: "I had never been separated from Vicki. We knew she was bound to suffer a shock if ever she thought she might have a rival for our affections."

To prevent it, they began to take Vicki into their confidence many months before the baby was due, seeking to share the coming child with her. "When she asked questions," Hal says, "we'd tell her straight. We didn't go in for any of this stork stuff."

On the whole, their approach was most successful, but it did produce certain small consternations. With a chuckle, Hal recalls: "It was bad enough when Vicki would run up to strangers on the street, bend backwards, and announce proudly, 'See, I've got a big tummy—just like Mummy's!' But, the day she almost broke up a friendship, we wondered if we had gone too far."

That happened during a weekend spent with another young couple who had just bought a new home in Connecticut. The place adjoining was one of "estate" proportions, owned by an older woman who most kindly invited them to use her swimming pool. Hal and his friend were loafing against the stone fence, talking with her, when small Vicki dashed up, all eyes. Surveying the woman's ample figure, she piped in penetrating childish treble, "You have a big tummy."

Hal says, "Thank heaven, our host was quick-witted. Pretending to misunderstand, he replied, 'Yes, Vicki, she does have a big Tommy. A beautiful big tom cat. Let's go try to find him.' That saved the day. Later, when I found out how self-conscious the woman really was about her size, I shuddered to think what Vicki nearly did to a fine friendship."

Noticing a small undercurrent of fear in Vicki's growing excitement, Hal and Ruby realized they must plan the actual homecoming of the baby as carefully as they would a second-act climax in a play. Vicki went to stay with friends when Ruby left for the hospital and, on July 1, 1955, David Vining Holbrook made a safe debut into the world via Caesarean section. When they arrived home, Ruby put tiny David in his crib in the bedroom before Hal went to fetch Vicki. On meeting her, he had much to say about "Mummy's anxious to see you"—but not a word about the baby. After opening the door for the excited child, he vanished. "We wanted Vicki to have her mother all to herself when she came home," he explains.

Mother and daughter were left alone in the living room and, for half an hour, they talked and played just as they always had. At last, when Ruby felt Vicki was happy and calm, she asked, "Do you remember, Vicki, what I promised to bring to you from the hospital?"

Vicki's eyes widened in delighted recollection. "Ooooh, my baby!" she exclaimed. "Mummy, did you bring me my baby brother? Where is he?"

Ruby replied gently, "He's waiting for you in his crib." Hand in hand, the petite, dark-haired woman and the sunny, sandy-haired child walked in to meet the new member of the family.

Drawing on their skill as actors, Hal and Ruby had controlled a crisis and brought

it to a happy conclusion. "From then on, David was Vicki's baby," Hal says proudly. "Instead of having a rival, she had some one new to love and share generously with us. She feels secure and her nose was never 'out of joint,' not for a minute."

Hal, Ruby and their children live in a modern apartment with large rooms and big windows, high above Manhattan's busy streets. It is conveniently close to a park, a playground and a good nursery school which Vicki attends. But, like many young parents, the Holbrooks are considering a move to the country. "It sounds as though it would be good for the children—until we realize how it would cut down the time we have with them. My schedule would make commuting difficult, and Ruby would have a real problem when she goes back into show business eventually."

Ruby, whose present contact with the theater is restricted to a class in modern dance, has no immediate plans beyond the hope that, when she does return, it will be to some production where she and Hal can work together. That's what they've always done, since they met on the bare stage of The St. John's Players, a civic theater group in chilly Newfoundland.

Hal was then in the United States Army Engineers. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold R. Holbrook, Sr., he had been reared in Boston. He prepped at Culver Military Academy in Indiana, from which both his father and his uncle had been graduated. "There's where I got lured into a play," he says. "And, from then on, it was show business for me."

Joining a summer stock company in Cleveland proved decisive, for its director was Edward A. Wright, head of the drama department at Denison University, Granville, Ohio. Hal says, "Ed persuaded me to go to Denison, and we've been friends ever since. He was best man at our wedding and he got us started in the theater."

Hal had a year at Denison before the Army called him and sent him to St. John's in Newfoundland—the jumping-off place for Europe. Ruby was a native of St. John's, the daughter of Emanuel and Amelia Johnston. "My father," she smiles, "was the only member of his family who broke away from the fishing village where they all lived and went to the big city (pop. 67,000) to become a traveling salesman."

In high school, Ruby appeared in Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, learned to be a stenographer, and wondered how she would ever get from remote St. John's to the theatrical production centers. Romance and career merged the night both she and Hal joined the Players. "In a little Chinese play, 'Lady Precious Stream,' we were cast opposite each other. While being make-believe lovers on-stage, we fell in love—for real."

At the end of the war, when Hal was shipped back to the United States, Ruby flew to New York and they were married September 21, 1945, at the Episcopal Church of the Transfiguration. For them, the place held a double significance. Hal's favorite uncle had been married there. It also is beloved and famed among actors as "The Little Church Around the Corner."

As soon as Hal completed his Army service, they both enrolled at Denison. They were graduated in 1948, and the two left on tour immediately. The idea for this had its germ in one of Ed Wright's class assignments. "He gave me Mark Twain's 'An Encounter With an Inter-

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viewer' and suggested I work it up into a sketch," Hal says. "I read it through, then grabbed the telephone to protest this was utter corn and I couldn't do a thing with it."

Wisely, Wright suggested Hal take a second look, paying particular attention to the philosophy behind it: "That's the way I discovered Mark Twain's straight-faced satire. It's just as sharp, just as funny today, as it was when he wrote it. I've been a Mark Twain fan ever since."

The resulting skit became the foundation for a series of small dramas, based on historic characters or scenes from famed plays, which Hal and Ruby worked into two hours of entertainment—a show which one friend describes as "a sort of Ruth Draper, doubled." They loaded two costume trunks, a sound system, and a trunkful of lights into a station wagon and hit the road.

Hal sums up those eventful and hectic years: "Between 1948 and 1952, we gave over 800 performances. The only states we missed were Arizona, Oregon and Florida. We did go into Canada. We played everything from the swank women's clubs of the North Shore, outside Chicago, to high schools in tank towns where they hadn't seen a live show since Chautauqua. We'd reach a place in the afternoon, install our lighting and sound equipment, set the stage with the furniture we had asked the local committee to provide, eat a hasty supper, play our show, catch a few hours' sleep, and get going for our next location. Our schedule while playing high schools was even worse, for then we'd do twelve or thirteen shows a week."

"We drove a thousand miles a week, forty thousand miles a year. In all of that, we missed only one date. A flood marooned us in a town in Texas and we were a day getting out. But we rebooked the week and made up the show. The pace was so furious that once Ruby fainted. Fell right down flat in total exhaustion."

"It sounds almost foolish now," says Ruby, "but we were young, we took ourselves seriously—almost too seriously, perhaps—and it was wonderful experience."

That phase of their lives ended when Ruby became pregnant. As Hal says, "We didn't want to take any risks, so another girl took Ruby's place to fill out the remaining dates we had booked. Then

a summer-theater job in Massachusetts helped us make a transition to New York."

That most important young lady, Miss Victoria Rowe Holbrook, arrived (also by Caesarean section) on April 22, 1952. Ruby's only non-maternal assignment that summer was to spend two weeks apartment hunting in New York. She returned tired out and discouraged. "I was the lucky one," says Hal. "I got two days off and came in late one Saturday night. Sunday morning, before going to look at the advertised apartments, I stopped to see a friend. An apartment was just being vacated in his building and I got it."

For two years, Hal has played the role of Grayling Dennis on *The Brighter Day*. He particularly enjoyed the sequence last summer when Grayling married Sandra Talbot: "It was such a contrast to Ruby's and my hasty ceremony, away from home and minus the usual trimmings. The wedding on the show went on for days and it really was done beautifully. My 'father,' the Reverend Richard Dennis—Blair Davies—read the service, word for word, with absolute solemnity. It was so moving, in fact, that, if Blair actually had been ordained, I'd feel like a bigamist."

While this was being broadcast, Ruby was appreciating it, too: "That's when I was in the hospital, having David. I really shocked a nurse the time I said, 'My husband got married yesterday.'"

Apartment living had been difficult for Ruby at first. "I felt alone and cut off from things," she recalls. "I had always worked." Shortly, however, the closeness of Hal's and Ruby's partnership provided an antidote. She became what Hal calls, "My chief audience and critic. We work out new material together."

Most of this new material concerns Hal's increasingly important characterization of Mark Twain. As this is written, he has been booked to introduce it, for national viewing, on the *Ed Sullivan Show*, but the exact date has not been set. Nightly, however, New Yorkers enjoy it at Jimmy Di Martino's supper club, on Grove Street in Greenwich Village, called "Upstairs at the Duplex." Downstairs at the Duplex is the bar, but the parlor floor of this charming old house which dates back to the American Revolution is *Upstairs*. Where Colonial ladies once danced the minuet, Hal and several friends, who have a par-

ticipating interest in the room, stage their show. It is a quiet, intimate little place, so delightful that, following the premiere of "Guys and Dolls," Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Wally Cox and a group of friends came in "for a few minutes" and stayed for hours.

In such a place, Hal's Mark Twain is as much at home as if that sharp-witted gentleman had just strolled over from Tenth Street, where he once lived, to have a leisurely nightcap and a bit of conversation with friends. For Hal's impersonation of him is amazingly accurate, from snowy white curls (Hal wears a wig) to the white linen suit which Mr. Samuel Clemens made Mark Twain's trademark. With such an illusion of reality, it is not fitting that a beloved humorist repeat himself too often, so Hal and Ruby continue to increase his repertoire.

Hal, now an intense student of Mark Twain's writing, admits he gets carried away. "I want to include everything. But, since that is obviously impossible, I tend to swing to the other direction and cut it too tight, assuming that everyone else also knows what has gone before. Too often, that can result in people not even knowing what I'm talking about. That's where Ruby turns critic. Whenever I prepare a new Mark Twain piece, I try it first on her and we work it out together."

"Working it out" involves far more than memorizing Mark Twain's words. The characterization takes on life because Hal and Ruby are among the growing group of college-trained young actors who are capable of working in all dimensions of show business. Not only can each play a scene movingly, but they are also able to do everything necessary to produce that scene. They can write or edit a script. They are equally adept in "mounting" that show. Each one can design a set, paint a flat, install the scenery, arrange the lights, hook up an amplifying system. When, in large productions, such work is not required of them, they have the confidence which comes from knowing how it should be done. They also can design and sew a costume. While costumes usually are Ruby's responsibility, Hal did his own for Mark Twain.

"It became sort of a dedicated thing, once I had started," he explains. "I had had a couple of white suits when we were on the road. But, by the time we reached New York, they were worn out. I went to a costumer and the price they wanted was staggering."

So Ruby and Hal shopped: "We found some white linen of a quality which Mark Twain would have liked. Then we bought patterns for slacks, vest and sports coat. We altered them to suit the style of his period. Then I cut them out and sewed them. I intended to do every stitch myself but, when it came to the buttonholes, I was stumped. Ruby had to do those."

It's no wonder, with such careful attention to detail, that Mark Twain has become as much a member of their family as a great-uncle. While neither Hal nor Ruby admit, at present, to having any plans to have their youngsters try impersonations of Becky Thatcher and Tom Sawyer, Vicki's hair is turning the right pinkish-blonde color and tiny David's eyes already hold the right mischievous twinkle. With the Holbrook habit of sharing every experience with each other—who knows?

Perhaps, with the help of the Holbrooks, Mark Twain's wondrous dream children—as well as Mark Twain himself—may again come to life. That would indeed be a brighter day for all devotees of Americana, as well as for the many admirers of Grayling Dennis!

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Three Young Musketeers

(Continued from page 68)

liked both boys, but the decision was made in favor of Glenn . . . Ronnie was a little too old and too tall. Upset? "Not one bit," smiles Mrs. Walken. "And being the older and more experienced of the two—he had already done a number of commercials—Ronnie willingly did all he could to help Glenn over this first hurdle. In fact, it's been that way ever since."

"Despite the difference in their ages," says Mrs. Walken, "Glenn and Ronnie sound very much alike. And until very recently, when *The World Of Mr. Sweeney* moved out to the West Coast, Glenn had a running part in it, as well as his current assignment as young Mike Bauer in *The Guiding Light*. Now and then, there would be a conflict between *Sweeney* and the radio version of *Guiding Light*. Glenn did the *Sweeney* role, which was visual, while Ronnie subbed for him on the radio *Guiding Light*. Then Ronnie would coach Glenn so he'd be able to "duplicate" his own performance for the TV version of *The Guiding Light*! Ronnie takes great pride in his pupil."

Just to keep the records straight, the "subbing" department is neither new nor one-sided. Two summers ago, Ronnie picked up a thirteen-week stanza for *Exploring God's World*—with the understanding that, if it presented a conflict with previous commitments, brother Glenn could substitute . . . which he did.

For one so young in years, Glenn has shown a remarkable flair and ability dating right back to his early modeling days. "He always seemed to know just what to do," his mother explains. "Long before the cameraman could tell him what pose to strike, Glenn would seem to sense that in this picture he probably should have his hand in his pocket, or be putting on his gloves, or whatever the case might be."

When Glenn went into TV and radio, this ability stood him in good stead, as did his very quick memory. He not only memorizes his own lines quickly but, by the time rehearsals are over, he's apt to know most of the lines of the other characters.

"Actually," Mrs. Walken continues, "all three boys have fast memories, and when we're studying scripts at night I'm always pleased to see how they honestly try to help each other and accept all criticism in the spirit in which it was intended."

This somewhat unusual Walken spirit is quite the talk of the network casting departments, for when one is called in for a tryout and told he is either too big or too little, the casting director is sure to hear: "I've got a brother . . ."

Being the eldest, Ken has had a hand in the professional development of both of his younger brothers. Whether or not this has had any direct bearing on his future career thoughts, he is now of the mind that—after college—he would like to get into the directing and producing end of the business. But until such time, he continues to get as much experience in as many phases of acting as possible, and for the past several summers has sweated it out on the straw-hat circuit in Woodstock and Atlantic City. On Broadway, he appeared in "The Climate of Eden" and "Anniversary Waltz." His TV credits would make many an older actor envious, and include such popular shows as *Studio One*, *Kraft Theater*, *Your Show Of Shows*, *Mama*, the *Jackie Gleason Show* and *Treasury Men In Action*—to name a few.

Not to be left farther behind Ken than their ages necessitate, Ronnie and Glenn can list many of these same shows on their casting cards. In addition, they both appeared in the movie, "The Marrying Kind,"

starring Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray. And Ronnie—the only musical member of this Walken trio—also appeared in Broadway's "Madame Butterfly."

To other lively, fun-loving youngsters, this may seem like a lot of work . . . but not to the Walken boys, who all agree they're having a ball. School? Well, that's another thing. Ken and Ronnie are enrolled in New York's Professional Children's School, which they attend—except when on an acting assignment—from 10:00 A.M. to 2:15 or 2:30 P.M. Because of his running part on *The Guiding Light*, Glenn cannot attend the school and must be tutored after hours.

One of the questions most frequently asked of Mrs. Walken concerns what most people think of as the "irregular" lives of Ken, Ronnie and Glenn . . . don't they miss the activities most boys include in their growing-up days? Actually, there are very few "regular" activities the brothers miss. As mother-secretary-manager of her brood, Mrs. Walken sees to it that their assignments never cut into their being "just boys."

Just like all the other boys, they have certain and definite responsibilities around the house. Glenn, for instance, rakes leaves in the fall to earn money for the movies. During the rest of the year, he sweeps out the garage and driveway to earn his spending money. Last summer, Ronnie religiously mowed the lawn of a neighbor every Saturday morning for sixty-five cents.

Like most of their neighborhood friends, they, too, have pets . . . the only difference being they have a few more than most—including two dogs of questionable ancestry, named Blondie and Penny, and a cat. As with most boys, they have their own private collections—Glenn, foreign coins, and Ronnie, knives. Both younger brothers are boat and plane enthusiasts . . . if you ask Glenn what he wants to do when he grows up, quick as a flash he replies: "Be an actor and buy a yacht for all the family."

There's a game room on the fourth floor of the Walkens' ten-room home in Bay-side, Long Island, which houses an elaborate train set and Ronnie's lab. Glenn's lab equipment is installed in the basement playroom, for it's in this one activity that Mrs. Walken has found evidence of brotherly friction . . . the kind of experiment to take place, how it should be handled and the division of clean-up chores.

No, there's very little these three boys have missed because of "working." Rather, there's a great deal they have gained. Although they've always enjoyed their "working" hours, they've learned to make the most of their leisure. And by working together they've developed a family pride that will stand by them throughout their lives.

When it comes to Walken family pride, perhaps the greatest exponent is Papa—Paul Walken, who owns his own bake shop in Astoria, Long Island. Three or four times a week, there's sure to be a large placard in his shop window reading: "Be sure to see my Glenn (or Ken or Ronnie) today in *The Guiding Light* (or *Studio One* or *Robert Montgomery Presents*, or whatever the show may be)."

So . . . whether their children remain in the acting profession after they've grown up or move on to other vocations . . . Mr. and Mrs. Walken have the satisfaction of knowing that—because of the loyalty developed in their formative years—Ken, Ronnie and Glenn will remain a one-for-all and all-for-one trio . . . three happy "musketeers" of the acting profession!

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My Sister—Dinah Shore

(Continued from page 58)

from the table and headed for the stage, poised and charmingly graceful in her full-length gold satin gown. . . . "I don't deserve it," she said with sincerity and modesty, as she accepted the award, "but you have given me a goal to work for. . ." Any further statement she might have had on her mind was cut short by a thunderous ovation.

As I watched Dinah leave the podium, I couldn't help recalling our childhood days together. To Mother, to Dad, to me, and to the rest of her family and friends, she was just little Fannye Rose then—and hardly the charming, well-organized girl into which she developed.

I'll never forget the day Mother called both of us to her room, before we took off for a birthday party. Fannye Rose was then three, pretty and peppy and full of the dickens. . . . "Now you listen to your sister," Mother impressed upon her. "Do what she tells you to do, behave like a little lady, and don't stuff yourself."

One hour later—along with almost two dozen other boys and girls—we were seated around the huge, beautifully decorated table, crowded with cakes, cookies, ice cream, and hot chocolate. Because Fannye Rose and I were at opposite ends of the table, she had to yell at the top of her voice to get my attention above all the noise. "Bessie!"

The chatter immediately died down. Everyone looked at her. Fannye Rose picked up a spoon so heavily laden with ice cream that it dripped down on both sides. "This isn't too big a bite, is it, sister?" . . . Embarrassed—I was then at the very "proper" age of ten—I pleaded with her to take a little less. With a sigh of disappointment, she dutifully obeyed.

In a way, it isn't surprising that my sister developed into a self-assured, successful performer. Even as a child she loved an audience. There were occasions, however, when her timing was a little disturbing! . . . One evening, my boyfriend and I were sitting on the front porch, feeling as romantic as only teenagers can get. Suddenly the upstairs window flew open, Fannye Rose stuck out her head, and started singing "My Old Kentucky Home." . . . That almost ruined my first romance!

Before my boyfriend came back, I made my little sister promise to refrain from using us as an audience again.

"Doesn't he like my voice?" she asked in disappointment.

"Of course, he does," I assured her. "But, when you grow older—get into your teens—you'll learn there are times when you'd rather not listen to someone's kid sister sing. Do you know what I mean?"

She said she did. But the next time he came back, it was obvious she didn't. . . . We were sitting in our favorite spot the following Saturday night, enjoying the moonlight from the swing-chair on the front porch. When Fannye got back into the act once again. She'd kept her promise about the singing, all right . . . she played the ukulele instead!

Of all the childhood habits I recall, few stand out more than her perpetual appetite. Today, my sister sticks to a well-balanced diet, but as a child she could never seem to get enough to eat. . . . I remember one evening in particular, when Mother and Dad had a date to play cards with some friends, and they'd asked Maurice Seligman—whom I later married—and me to take Fannye Rose along on our date.

Having decided to go for a ride, we

bundled her into the back seat, where she soon fell asleep. On the way home, we stopped at a drive-in for a bite to eat. Maurice, who hadn't had his dinner, felt starved. Rather short of money at the time, he seemed quite happy that Fannye Rose wasn't awake.

The moment the car hop brought the menu, Fannye Rose woke up. It didn't take her long to make up her mind what she wanted. "I'd like a chicken sandwich," she announced.

I noticed that Maurice began to squirm in his seat. It was the most expensive item on the menu. But Fannye Rose wasn't through. "—And a malted milk shake," she added. "With three scoops of ice cream."

I'd already ordered my hamburger, so the waitress turned to Maurice. "And your order?" . . . "A coke," he said unhappily, because that was all he could still afford.

Of course, little Fannye Rose didn't realize what she was doing, at that time. Actually, she is—and has always been—one of the most generous persons I have ever known.

As Fannye grew up, she developed into such a likeable, popular young girl that the telephone would buzz at our house at all hours of the day or evening with her ardent admirers at the other end of the line, trying to make dates.

In those days my sister had a particular weakness for football players—big, strong, muscular hunks of men who looked as though they were competing for the Mr. America contest. It was about one of these that Mother became a little concerned one evening. "Bessie, you have to talk to your sister right away," she told me when I came back from a date. "When your dad and I came home we found her in the living room—necking!"

I couldn't see anything dreadfully wrong with that, but then my parents were a bit more conservative. However, the idea of my giving my sister a lecture made me feel uneasy. "Why don't you talk to her?"

"You know it'll have more influence coming from you. . . ."

In those days I didn't realize why, but I do today. There's often a bigger gap between mother and daughter than between sisters—or even girlfriends who are closer to each other in age and outlook. This holds just as true today with my own daughter, Linda, who is just nineteen, and my son, John, who is fifteen. Many times, Linda prefers to talk about her problems to her Aunt Dinah, whom she considers "more her age," than to me. As for John, he thinks me a moron when it comes to his favorite subject, cars. But Aunt Dinah—particularly since she started to sell Chevrolets on her bi-weekly television show—is the "expert" in the family, and he can discuss the subject with her for hours. . . .

Considering Dinah's present characteristics, it seems hard to believe that a person could have changed that much, in some respects. For instance, nowadays she is the best organized woman I know. It is amazing how smoothly she runs her household and integrates her motherly duties with her career obligations. She never seems rushed, always manages to keep a cheerful disposition, no matter how many problems are thrown at her simultaneously.

Her sense for organization was more than evident on a recent trip to Oregon. During her two-day stay, she let herself be interviewed by forty editors of high-school papers in southern Washington and northern California, saw every disk jockey in the area, had lunch with Governor Paul

Patterson of Oregon and dinner with Mayor Fred Peterson of Portland, spent one hour signing autographs in a department store in Portland, and another hour for the same firm in Salem, collected 10,000 toys for needy children, sang at the "Crystal Ball" for teenagers and attended a meeting of the district Chevrolet dealers at Portland's Masonic Temple. She was also appointed temporary Fire Commissioner in Portland, had a meeting with PTA representatives, received a scroll from 7,500 girls . . . and, all along, made certain that her husband, George Montgomery—who accompanied her on the trip—had enough time to go duck hunting!

She accomplished all this because she had planned her trip in advance so carefully that she could tell me, before she left, where she was going to be almost every minute of the day. Her wardrobe was designed to facilitate changes, with one set of accessories to match two or three outfits, and all fitting into two cases.

I wouldn't have believed this could ever happen, recalling the time Mother scolded our maid for picking up Fannye Rose's clothes. "Let her put them away, Yaya," mother insisted. "You spoil her something terrible . . ."

"Yes'm," Yaya replied, and dropped all the clothes right back on the floor—till Mother had left the room. Then she picked them all up again and put them neatly away.

Mother finally got wise to it. Since she couldn't very well blame our maid for wanting an orderly house, she herself would get the clothes out of the closet again and scatter them where they'd been on the floor—for Dinah to pick up. My sister's wardrobe saw more wear by this constant picking up, putting away, and dropping again on the floor, than when she actually had them on!

It was necessity that forced Dinah to change: When she was out on her own, without Yaya to look after her, she could be as neat as a pin. Actually, Dinah hates disorganization. As a child, she just didn't want to go through the motions of doing something about it—as long as she had someone to do it for her.

In my opinion, my sister's happy disposition is one of the pillars of her success. In her younger days, this was brought about through our own happy home life, and the wonderfully close-knit relationship between our parents and ourselves. That's why our mother's passing—the first really tragic event in Dinah's life—shook her so hard.

When it happened, Maurice and I—married a year—were living in St. Louis, where my husband studied medicine. Dad was away on business and Dinah was at home, all by herself to cope with the situation.

It came as a double shock, because Mother hadn't even been ill. As a matter of fact, she had participated in a golf tournament the day before. Fannye Rose seemed psychic about what was going to happen, judging by what she told me after Maurice and I rushed home upon receiving the news.

She went to school that Tuesday morning as usual. About ten-thirty, right in the middle of a class, she felt something was wrong with Mother. She didn't know why, or what—after all, there had been no indications—but she knew she had to get home, quickly.

Fannye Rose asked to be excused from class. Since it was against all rules to leave class without a concrete reason, the teacher turned her down at first. But

Fannye Rose was so insistent that she finally let her go.

My sister rushed home, even ran the last distance from the streetcar stop to the house. The moment she saw the doctor in the hallway, she knew her fears were justified. She walked into Mother's room just five minutes before she passed away.

I've never seen anyone more broken-hearted than Fannye Rose when Maurice and I arrived from St. Louis for the funeral.

My husband—one of the most wonderful, understanding men in the world—knew what was on my mind the day after. That's why he suggested we move back to Nashville, where he continued his internship.

Fannye Rose's and my close relationship, temporarily interrupted, was quickly re-established. Only now I was sister, mother—and also her strongest supporter—when it came to convincing Daddy to let her do what she wanted to do most: Act.

He hadn't objected to her being in plays at school, or appearing on our local radio station occasionally. But this newest idea of hers—working with a stock company—he didn't approve. On the other hand, I felt that, if it meant that much to her, she should go ahead, and I helped talk Daddy into giving his reluctant approval.

It was during Fannye Rose's senior year in college that she really became serious about show business. As president of her sorority, she was sent to Vermont for a convention. On the way back, she visited a friend in New York City. There, as a result of an audition at a local radio station, WNEW, she was offered a job and immediately called home to get Dad's blessing. Instead, he became quite upset.

The next morning, Dad, Maurice, and I had a council of war—so to speak—to decide what to tell Dinah. And we decided that, since it had been that easy for her to get a job, she should come home, finish college, then return to New York, because she certainly shouldn't have any trouble getting employment the year after.

However, we agreed not to order her back. "If you don't finish college, you might regret it for the rest of your life," I told her when I called that afternoon.

"But think of the opportunity I'm missing," she cried out unhappily.

Point by point, I went over what Daddy and Maurice and I had discussed—the telephone bill was the biggest we've ever had—then left the decision up to her. Fannye Rose came home to finish school.

A year later, having received her B.A. degree, she was back in New York City, changed her name to Dinah Shore—and had me worried. On the one hand, I felt certain she could look after herself all right. On the other—she was still my little sister, and I hated to see her in a big city, all alone. And so I talked some other girls I knew, who were also on their way to New York, into moving in with Dinah to look after her.

She got the job she was after, but it didn't work out as well as she'd expected. Before long she found herself without enough funds to pay her way. Afraid that Dad might use this opportunity to make her come home—he still didn't like the idea that his daughter was in show business—Maurice and I secretly sent her some money. To our surprise, when Daddy found out he insisted on doing his share, too . . . though he didn't change his mind about her career till she got her first big break at the Strand—and he sat in the audience, watching her, proud as a peacock. You would have thought then that this had been his idea from the start!

Shortly after, Maurice and I settled down in New York, and Dinah moved in

with us. We stayed together till she went to Hollywood.

In a way, all this seems like a long time ago, although it really wasn't. We, too, left New York after my husband went into the service during World War II. When the war was over, thanks to Dinah's "chamber-of-commerce" talks, we decided to follow her to the West Coast. Until we bought our own home, we lived with my sister and George, whom she had married in the meantime.

Even though we were separated for a number of years, Dinah and I never really grew apart. Whatever problems were on her mind, whatever decisions she had to make, she always included me in her thinking—with one notable exception: George Montgomery.

Dinah had been going out with quite a number of fellows when she met George, and at first I didn't think she was serious about him. But more and more her letters were full of "George did this" and "George said that"—to the point where we knew all about him and little about her anymore. Nevertheless, I was still surprised the night she called us from Las Vegas, to tell us she and George had gotten married!

We really learned to appreciate Dinah's choice when George came to San Antonio, to make a training film for the Army, and stayed with us. My husband was stationed there at the time. We also realized why Dinah had fallen in love with him. In many ways, he is much like Daddy—conservative, considerate, quiet, a wonderful person through and through. We knew then her marriage was going to be a happy one . . .

Since Dinah and George have moved into their new home in Beverly Hills, we live just a few miles apart. Actually, we are as close as the telephone—of which we make ample use. Dinah still calls me for advice (lately, this has worked both ways—when I have a problem, I call for her opinion as well), particularly when it comes to raising her daughter, Missy. Since I have two children, a daughter, nineteen, and a son, fifteen, she seems to consider me an authority.

At the same time, in some respects her advice carries more weight with my children than my own. . . . Take her influence on Linda, who I felt was getting just a bit too heavy for her age. Not much, just a few pounds. But I thought she ought to watch it. For weeks, I tried to talk her into a diet, with no success. Dinah managed it almost overnight.

When trimmed down to her right proportions, Linda can wear Dinah's clothes, most of which she sooner or later inherits from her generous aunt. When Dinah noticed Linda was putting on too much weight—instead of letting her take out the dresses at the seams, she insisted that she lose a few pounds before giving her another garment. It took my daughter just three weeks to get back to her normal weight!

Dinah is not only generous, she is also a very nice person, in the fullest sense of the word. That's why I got so annoyed when I first came to Hollywood, and an acquaintance of hers congratulated me on having such a "normal, level-headed" sister. . . . "She's an intelligent girl with good upbringing," I protested. "Naturally, success wouldn't change her."

But after I lived in Hollywood for a while and saw what success can do to people unaccustomed to the limelight—and even to those who are—I really learned to appreciate the fact that, throughout her career, my sister has managed to keep her sense of values.

I'm really very proud of my little Fannye Rose, who grew up to be Dinah Shore.

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Big Man-About-Home

(Continued from page 32)

found that some of them—the women, bless 'em—feel that there are things that they themselves shouldn't do.

"Then, too, being on the program has made me a lot humbler than I was," Hugh admits. "Like a great many men, I like to cook, and I used to think that I was pretty good at it. But, since I've been on the show and have seen some of the things other people—meaning women!—can do, I'm not so proud of the things I can make."

"There are other things I've learned on *Home*, too," Hugh remarks happily. "For instance, I've learned a lot of new terms for things I've known all along without really knowing their names. There's the bolster. Now I know that it's a long pillow you put on a sofa or a day bed. Before *Home*, the only 'bolster' I knew about had to do with courage. It's the same way about 'pink.' I know now that it's more than a color—it's a way of finishing the edge of cloth so it won't ravel. There's 'julienne,' too. Before, I thought it might be a lady jeweler or something along that line. Now I know it's a way of fixing vegetables!"

Perhaps it's only natural that, being surrounded on the air by so many women, Hugh has had to find ways of proving that a "mere male" has his accomplishments, too. At any rate, he's found himself performing a number of feats which he had never attempted before he joined *Home*.

"For some reason or other," Hugh grins, "I find that I'm more inclined now to do things that I wouldn't have done before. For example, not so long ago, *Home* was out in San Francisco and there was a tiger shark we were going to show on the program. Well, the story got to my wife Ruth that I was going to go swimming in the pool with the shark, and Ruth didn't take kindly to the idea—to say the least. Then she was told it was all a gag—which it had been—and she wasn't to worry about it.

"But, for some strange reason, I decided I wanted to hold the shark for a close-up on the air. I didn't go into the pool, mind you. But I was shown how to hold the thing out of water—and, sure enough, at air time I held it and showed it. Ruth didn't see the episode at the time of the performance, because it's a delayed telecast out there on the Coast. But, three hours later, when they showed the kinescope and Ruth saw me handling that shark—well, I'm afraid she wasn't too pleased about it."

Well . . . what wife would have been happy, to see her husband "wrestling" a tiger shark! But, if Ruth wasn't pleased, she never showed her displeasure. She and Hugh lead a happy life with their two children. And, in their home just outside Stamford, Connecticut, Hugh is not outnumbered by women as he is on the television show. There, he has his son, Hugh Raymond, 10, to side with him against Ruth and their daughter, Deirdre, 7, in those minor matters where the masculine and feminine views don't always coincide.

The house the Downs family lives in is a pleasant one and not at all showy. It's situated on an acre of grounds which are in a naturally wild condition, with very little formal gardening—which is the way the Downses like it. But what gardening there is to be done, Hugh does, just like any other suburbanite, on Saturdays or in the evenings after work.

In their home, Ruth and Hugh do the things they like to do. They enjoy refinishing early American furniture, and they do it well. Their interest in things early American may stem from the fact

that Hugh is widely-read in American history and the family enjoys traveling around New England by car in the summertime, seeing the places where events took place early in our country's life. They just pile into the car and drive in any direction that takes their fancy, stop whenever they want to, and go back home when the spirit moves them. That way, the children learn American history in a vivid and memorable way, and the family has a good time together.

Like many people who live outside New York and work in the city, Hugh is a typical commuter, although he has to get an earlier train than most commuters do. He is due at the studio at 7:45 every morning of the week and, in order to get there on time, has to take the 7:02 train.

"I get up at 5:30 every morning and make my own breakfast," Hugh says. "After all, that's too early to ask anyone to get up unless they have to. Then I drive to the station.

"When we used to live a little farther out, at Westport, I had to get up even earlier—I'd catch the same train, but of course it went through Westport earlier. Then, I didn't have a chance to see the family in the morning, because I had to leave the house before they were up. Now I have a little time with them before I have to leave for the station."

Hugh drives to the station in his own car, an old-model one which he leaves at the station. (Ruth has a newer car which she uses to take the children to the nearby school, to do the household shopping and the thousand and one things that a homemaker has to do.)

When Hugh is a bit rushed to get to the studio, he leaves the train at 125th street in New York and takes a taxi to the studio. Otherwise, like thousands of other commuters, he goes on to the Grand Central Terminal and travels to the studio by subway.

On the return trip, when Hugh Downs steps off the commuters' train in Stamford of an evening, he looks like a great many of the other men going home from a day's work in the city. There is nothing performer-ish about his appearance. Hugh is five feet, ten inches tall, has reddish brown hair and brown eyes. His complexion has a healthy ruddy glow. He dresses conservatively and in good taste and, when he speaks, he does so in well-modulated tones which indicate none of his Midwestern background.

For Hugh was born in Akron, Ohio, on February 14, 1921—St. Valentine's Day. His family moved to Lima, Ohio, soon after his birth, and it was in Lima that Hugh got his grammar-school and high-school education. For his college work, he went to Bluffton College in Ohio, and to Wayne University in Detroit.

During his high-school and college days, Hugh began his present career by doing part-time work as a radio-station announcer. In 1943, after service in the Army, he went to Chicago and joined the staff of the National Broadcasting Company, and he's been on it ever since. It was in Chicago that Hugh used to broadcast news, rather like the news segment on *Home* which he does these days. He also announced such shows as *Kukla, Fran And Ollie*, *Hawkins Falls*, and *Garroway At Large*.

But the most important thing that happened to Hugh in Chicago was his meeting with Ruth Shaheen. She was a radio director at NBC there, but Hugh decided that he'd change all that. He did. He married the girl.

Hugh and his family moved to New York from Chicago, when the executives at NBC decided that Mr. Downs was the man to appear with all the women on *Home*. Here, his duties include being host, announcer, interviewer, shopping editor and general all-around actor—making him one of the most versatile people on television.

But off the air, too, Hugh is a man of many talents, expert at any number of hobbies. He cooks, of course—although, since being on the program, he has more or less limited his culinary activities to making salads, which he does well. He has a singing voice so good that he sings on the program about once a month and has received letters from viewers asking where his records can be bought (Hugh hasn't made any records). He likes high-fidelity sound reproduction and is good enough at it to have put on a segment about it on *Home*. Hugh's also something of a composer and has had at least one of his pieces played—and praised—on a national network television show. He reads philosophy, as well as American history, is able to discuss both with authority.

Still other things that Hugh finds time for are his membership in a gourmets' club, sailing (he used to be part owner of a sailboat), and horseback riding. Quite frequently, when Hugh and his family are on vacation, they visit friends on a ranch in the Far West, where Hugh races other, less citified horsemen across the plains—and often wins.

Perhaps one of the reasons Hugh has so much time for his many hobbies is the fact that he can forget about his work completely, when he leaves the studio. He has the happy faculty of being able to turn off his "working" mind until the next morning, when he returns to the studio. That leaves his mind free for those hobbies of his.

One of the things that interests Hugh most—outside of *Home*—is astronomy. He is a member of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada and is consultant for NBC about such matters. He has built himself two telescopes—obviously, a difficult, time-consuming and exacting accomplishment. And, when it was announced at the White House that the United States was going to launch a man-made satellite, NBC called on Hugh to serve as consultant and appear as host on a half-hour special documentary television program discussing the project and explaining it to the public.

Along that line, Hugh would like, some time in the future, to put on a couple of really good science shows, preferably on television. He feels that there is a distinct need for such programs and believes that he would be able to make understandable a good deal of the scientific material which the average man doesn't "get" because he doesn't have the specialized training needed.

But, most of all, Hugh hopes to continue on *Home* for as long as they'll have him. "I love that program," Hugh says with a twinkle. "I like the people I work with and I like the work that I'm doing. A man can't ask for any more than that."

As things look now, Hugh Downs will continue to be the man with two homes—the *Home* show, with all the girls he so enjoys working with—and the private home he goes to every evening, where he enjoys life with Ruth and their children, his hobbies and his books. And he is happy in both homes because—as he himself has said—"I love women."

Close as a Heartbeat

(Continued from page 62)

He isn't due at the studio until eleven-thirty so, during warm weather, he got up early and worked from seven until ten in the courtyard, which he converted into a back yard. He picked up the flagstone, replaced it with peat, and now has one-fiftieth of an acre of grass. He papered the dining room by staying up all of one night.

"I'm way behind schedule," he says. "I'll tell you what gets in the way: I get work planned, and friends drop in for conversation—or you start to help the kids out with their homework and the evening's shot—or maybe Parker begins to pick out a tune on the piano and I get out a guitar."

Parker puts it like this: "With Peter, I'd say anything that has to do with another being—child, wife, friend or dog—takes precedence over a project or hobby. He gets great satisfaction out of making something with tools or a spade, but human beings come first. If something has to be put off until the next day, it's more human to put off an electric drill than a child or wife."

As to that name "Parker," she says, "I know it's an unusual name for a girl. After all, I spent all of my school years defending and explaining the name—and I have no intention of giving it up." She adds, less belligerently, "My father wasn't expecting a girl baby and, when they asked him what he wanted to name the girl, he put down 'Parker'—a family name—thinking he could change it later. He went down to city hall later, but they wouldn't let him change it."

Parker is very much a feminine name when applied to Mrs. Hobbs, for Mrs. Hobbs is very feminine. She is elegant and fair, with blue eyes and blonde hair that is distinctly lemonade pink in color. "On television, I photograph better with blonde hair," she explains. "But I'm a natural redhead with Irish coloring, so I don't look right with really blonde hair. I didn't know what to do about it, then a friend suggested we pour on some pink vegetable dye—the kind you use in cookies. It's harmless enough, so we did. I became a pink blonde, and I think it's a friendly color."

When an actress with pink-blond hair marries an actor with the metabolism of a goat, anything can happen. It's usually said that, when two people marry, they become one. Parker and Peter became seven. Both had been previously married, and Parker contributed two boys to the wedding; Peter, three daughters.

Peter and Parker had never met before 1953, although both were in the theater and both had been raised in New York. Actually, Peter was born in France, where his father, an American physician, was serving with a volunteer medical unit attached to the British army. But he was still an infant when his father died in the flu epidemic that followed the war, and his mother brought him back to the States, so he grew up in Manhattan.

"The child is father of the man," Peter quotes. "As a kid, I had varied interests, too, and I was very serious about them. I built radio sets for a year, then went into a long period with model airplanes, and then it was stamps."

His mother had been an actress and she encouraged him to take part in speech classes. In fourth grade, he won a declamation contest. As a youngster, he attended the Friends School in Manhattan, although he is not a Quaker, and he went

to prep school in New Hope, Pennsylvania.

"At the prep school," he recalls, "I first announced that I would be an actor. It seemed that all the other boys knew exactly what they wanted to be, and I didn't. But, since no one else had thought of being an actor, I made that my choice."

Actually, circumstances led him to be an actor. He majored in dramatics at Bard College in New York, and he took part in school plays there. This got him a job as a summer-stock electrician at the end of his sophomore year. He went back again the following summer, and this resulted in his getting small parts to play. When he got out of school, he began to work with little-theater groups.

"I was also," he adds, "a guinea pig for some Army doctors who were developing atabrine, a synthetic substitute for quinine. The stuff used to make me awful sick. The first time, I was in a knot for a couple of hours. Oh, I was sick. But the medics said I was rendering a great service. They particularly said this when they asked me to repeat the test. But I tried it again and I got sick again."

Peter was saved by the draft from further patriotic agony in the cause of medical science. He was assigned, after training, to the Third Army Combat Engineers. He served in France, Belgium and Germany and narrowly missed getting killed at the Bulge. He was a buck sergeant, and his squad had such duties as detonating and lifting mines, clearing road blocks, blowing up bridges. Half of his company didn't return.

After the war, in 1945, Peter made his Broadway debut in a Theater Guild production. The following year, he understudied Marlon Brando. In 1949, he played in the Ingrid Bergman production of "Joan of Lorraine." He had the male lead opposite Joan Blondell in "Happy Birthday" and, in 1950, replaced Tom Helmore in "Clutterbuck." Until "Teahouse of the August Moon" went on the road, he served as an understudy and performed almost a hundred times in the Broadway showing.

Peter Hobbs has been on many TV shows—*Suspense*, *Studio One*, *You Are There*, *Schlitz Playhouse* and others—but he got chosen for *The Secret Storm* under unusual and rather trying circumstances.

"In 1952," he recalls, "I worked in the summer theater at Westhampton and, when they offered me a job next year as a resident director and actor, I thought it was a good deal. It wasn't, for, in 1953, most of the plays were coming in as 'packages' and my only work was to coach a couple of actors in very minor parts and to play them myself. It wasn't interesting. It wasn't much to do."

But it happened that Robert O'Byrne, the business manager of the playhouse, was the husband of Gloria Monty, who was to be director of *The Secret Storm* when it premiered in February of 1954. She saw Peter Hobbs work at the Westhampton Playhouse and decided he was to be Peter Ames.

"I was disgusted and disinterested at the time," Peter says. "I still can't see what made her like me."

"Peter's wrong," says Parker. "He's never less than marvelous. He couldn't be a bad actor if he tried."

Parker herself literally stumbled into show business. As a child she was sent to the Metropolitan Opera for ballet lessons to cure her awkwardness. She was so well cured that she was offered a job in the ballet corps, but turned it down, disillusioned by the pay.

Her father, an engineer and designer of machinery, died when she was eleven

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years old, and Parker was raised by her mother and an aunt. They didn't live in poverty, but trees don't just grow in Manhattan and neither does money. When it came time for Parker to go on to college, a very nice thing happened to her. The parishioners of her church, Riverside Church, decided to finance her.

Parker went to Wheaton College with the idea of becoming a writer, but she began to act in school plays and made such a hit—and enjoyed herself so much—that she decided to switch ambitions. She notified the pastor of Riverside and he took the matter back to talk over with the congregation. Everyone agreed and, after two years at Wheaton, Parker spent two years at the Studio of the Theater run by the late, famous Theodora Irvin.

She came out of the Studio and into the war. She served in Iceland for a year as a CAT (Civilian Actor Technician). "I went to Iceland with two other actresses," she recalls. "One was a blonde and one was a brunette and I was the redhead. We thought it was so funny. Three different physical types. Later we discovered that a General had requisitioned us by size and color."

She and Peter met in late fall of 1952, when both had been legally separated for several years. No one could anticipate their meeting, and the way it came about was one of those rare quirks of fate.

"Kodak Company was making a color film in Alabama," Parker recalls, "and my agent suggested that I apply for the female lead." It was to be a three-month job, which meant security, and Parker was interested. Her agent explained further that she would be applying for the part of a mother and told Parker to take one or both of her sons along so that they wouldn't think she looked too young.

Parker took along her older son, Dall, who was then almost ten. And Dall took over at the audition and sold his mother—and himself. "I remember the man asked Dall if he were an actor," Parker laughs, "and Dall said, 'No, but if you hire my mother I'll be in it for nothing.'"

So Parker and Dall and her younger son, Richard, who was about six, were hired for the picture. And the man cast as the father in the picture was Peter Hobbs.

It was during this time that Peter got very close to the boys. "No film could be shot when there was the slightest overcast," Peter recalls, "and on those days we went fishing. It got so the boys prayed for rain."

The boys became fond of Peter and did everything possible to encourage a romance between Peter and their mother. The encouragement consisted mostly of telling what a great guy Peter was. And they told Peter what a great gal their mom was. In August, 1954, they married.

"My girls got to meet Parker several times before we married," Peter remarks. "Parker was a little frightened, but the girls thought she was wonderful—and were fascinated by her pink hair."

Peter's and Parker's friends had wanted them to get married in the city and have a big shindig. Instead, they made a sneak trip up to Concord, New Hampshire, where the boys were in camp. They bought the kids new suits and, at the wedding, Dall gave the bride away and Richie was best man.

"I remember the minister put the ring on Richie's thumb, so he wouldn't lose it, and he stood there with his thumb up in the air like Jack Horner with a plum." Parker smiles, and continues: "The boys took credit for bringing about the wedding. They still insist that Pete married me for their sake. Just because he always wanted sons. I know better. I know that

Pete married me for the grand piano."

Peter loves music. He has two guitars and a banjo. When he married Parker, she brought along a baby grand which also plays rolls. Peter had already acquired a player-organ.

Peter Hobbs has a good baritone voice and has recently taken to song on *The Secret Storm*—for Peter Ames of TV had once hoped to be a composer or a concert pianist, so is a bit of a musician himself.

In the Hobbs household, the grand and guitars and banjo are clustered in one corner of the living room. The player-organ never got beyond main hall—it was too wide to make the turn—but there is plenty of room in the hall. There is lots of space everywhere for it's a big four-floor house with thirteen to sixteen rooms. As Peter says, "Every time we take a count, it comes out differently, so we've stopped worrying about it."

They had to have a large house. Peter's girls live with their mother on Long Island, but they visit with Peter many weekends and during vacations, so there must be room for them. In fact, Peter has finished off only one bedroom—for Ann, who is just shy of thirteen. Her favorite colors are pink and yellow. Peter carpeted and painted the room in these colors and built her a small dressing table. His second daughter is Jennifer, almost nine, and his youngest is Nancy, seven.

"Nancy is self-sufficient and honorable," says Parker. "She never asks if she can help with the dishes. She just comes in and picks up a towel and begins drying. And she's so upright. She came to me one day, when something was spilled on the floor, and said, 'I really shouldn't tell—but,

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because I'm a Brownie, I have no choice except to admit that I did it!"

Jenny is a wonderful little actress and is studying ballet. Ann is beautiful and loves to swim and skate and date.

"When the kids are all together in the house they have a ball," Peter says. "They really like each other and take good care of each other. You'll hear an argument that sounds like it's getting rough. But, by the time you get there, they've got it settled. After all, they've got five minds at work on the problem."

Another member of the family is Rusty.

"We promised the kids a dog when we bought the house," Peter explains. "Of course, we call him Rusty only when he's good. When he's bad, he answers to Russell. And, when he's bad, he eats everything. One evening, he ate up a whole platter of hors d'oeuvres, plus a pound of cheese. When there's nothing special around, he'll settle for check books. And he's crazy about eating money."

Another reason why the Hobbses need a large house is that Peter loves company. As for Parker—well, she inserted a letter in her alumnae magazine with the message, "Everyone who comes to New York must come and stay with me."

The house is still sparsely furnished but the decorative scheme will be people and beasts. Peter says, "We intend using wall paper that has pictures and drawings of people and animals. We will have vases that look like chickens and pussy cats. Lamps will stick out of the heads of porcelain dogs and nymphs. Most of our

friends are actors and when they come in, we want them to feel as if they were on a stage."

The boys, Dall and Richie, share fully in the living room theatricals. Richie claims his chief interest lies in his rock collection, but he displays talent and great feeling for dramatics. And Dall has already had his shakedown cruise on Broadway. During the Christmas holidays, for six performances, Dall took over for the youngster in "Teahouse of the August Moon." It was particularly interesting, for—not only was Peter connected with the show—but Dall's father, John Forsythe, had been cast as one of the male leads.

"Dall did very well," Peter says. "He brought on a goat and delivered two lines in Korean."

Parker has never held a running part in a daytime drama, but she has been on most of the major night-time shows, such as *Studio One*, *Ponds*, *Philco Playhouse* and *Kraft Theater*. She is considered a very good comedienne and, at present, is being considered for the title role in a new TV comedy series. "She's the most talented person I know," Peter says proudly. "I've never seen her fall short of being excellent. She's headed for stardom. It's just a matter of time and opportunity."

Every once in a while, the cast of *The Secret Storm* has a party. At the first one Parker attended with Peter, she got herself a choice part in a new play. Haila Stoddard—Pauline Harris of *The Secret Storm*—is also a Broadway producer. She watched Parker at the party, and the next day offered her a role in a summer production of "One Eye Closed." Parker went in that, and was seen by the producer of "The Tender Trap"—which took her to Broadway. From "The Tender Trap," she went back to Haila's play when it opened on Broadway.

Parker and Peter have never worked together, although they do things on the tape recorder at home. The tape recorder gets quite a work-out around the Hobbs household. Peter even uses it to help the kids with lessons. He taught Richie the multiplication table by recording it and leaving a big pause before each answer.

"Peter is so creative and so good at almost everything," Parker says. "Most of the time, I'm just honored to assist him. He even knows more about cooking than I do."

He hasn't much time for cooking. In the morning, he tries to get in some work around the house. A little before eleven, he drops down into the subway and crosses the border into Manhattan. Rehearsal of *The Secret Storm* starts at eleven-thirty, and it goes on the air at four-fifteen. Afterward, there is more work, and it's about six-thirty when Peter gets home.

"Doesn't matter when he gets in," Parker smiles, "he's good humored. And in the morning he's actually funny. Very witty. He breaks us up with double-talk." She concludes: "But, you know, it's not just that Pete's easygoing and charming. There's more to it than that. Take this business of his putting aside a project to talk with the kids or spend some time with me. . . . It's not just a matter of his preferring to listen to me rather than an electric drill. If there's a choice to make, he's not going to waste time on a cold, inanimate object. That's one of the things he enjoys about the theater. He is working with people. There isn't much economic security, but the warmth and quality of friendship among actors more than makes up for it."

"So Pete puts people first—me and the children and friends. Pete is alive. He lives for things that have pulse."

Mr. Boone Goes to Town

(Continued from page 49)

from a theatrical family. In fact, nobody to his knowledge ever even thought of a theatrical career. "Except for my great-great-great-grandfather, Daniel Boone, we've all been just ordinary people."

But one thing Pat did love was music. And, even before he could carry a tune—he "sang." His first recollection of singing before a group took place in early grammar school, in Nashville, Tennessee. One day, during class group singing, the teacher heard his voice above the rest and asked him to come up to sing a solo.

Then, when Pat was ten, he sang on his first real stage. Like most youngsters, Pat loved Saturday matinees at the local movie house. Children who wanted to perform were invited to do so. Soon Pat was singing two or three times a month on this show. He remembers his first song was "Single Saddle"—and, even though many years have passed since he first sang this ballad, he can still remember it.

In a short time, he developed quite a local reputation and found himself being asked to entertain locally around Nashville. "I enjoyed singing for people so much that I think I must have entered every amateur contest Nashville had to offer . . . and almost never won even honorable mention."

But eventually one of these losses paid off. While attending the David Lipscomb College in Nashville, seventeen-year-old Pat entered and lost a contest. A talent man from Station WSIX happened to see the show and liked Pat's easy and poised manner. So he got in touch with Pat and suggested that he emcee a local teen-age show, *Youth On Parade*, on radio . . . for free and for experience. Pat worked at it hard and happily for two years.

Then it happened. Just after he had turned nineteen, he won a talent contest in East Nashville! The prize was a trip to New York and an audition for Ted Mack. Actually, this threw Pat into somewhat of a dilemma, since once before he had auditioned for Ted Mack . . . and lost. So the thought of winning on the show was about the farthest thing from his mind. After all, his voice wasn't trained.

Pat remembers that audition very clearly. He'll never forget his amazement and thrill when he learned he had passed the test and would appear on the show. He'll also never forget the feeling he had when he learned that one of his fellow contestants—a girl with a beautifully trained operatic voice—had lost. He felt she should have won, not he. But that was one of the queer twists that life sometimes manages, and it was Pat who appeared on the Saturday-night Ted Mack show.

It was fun. But the returns on the contest wouldn't be in until Monday or Tuesday, and it never occurred to him to stick around to see if he might just possibly have won. So the next day, Sunday, he took off for the hinterlands to continue his summer work with backwoods church and revival song-leading. Returning to civilization the following Friday, he learned that he had won the first round and was expected back in New York to appear the following day.

And so it was that, three weeks after his first New York appearance with Ted Mack, he sang as a finalist at Madison Square Garden. Did he win? No. Did he receive the most votes? He'll never know—for fate stepped in at literally the last minute. While in New York for Ted Mack, he was auditioned for Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts and appeared on this program the very Monday night after the

Madison Square Garden appearance. Since Godfrey's program is a "pro" (rather than amateur) show, Pat's appearance on it disqualified him from the Ted Mack contest. If he lives another hundred years, he'll never know whether he would have won if he had not been disqualified.

Pat didn't become an immediate star. After the Godfrey show, he returned to college for one semester... eloped with Shirley, his childhood sweetheart... and transferred to North Texas State in Fort Worth, Texas. While in Fort Worth, he latched onto two TV shows for teenagers, and eventually wound up as host of WBAP-TV's *Barn Dance* . . . for the grand total of \$50 a week plus all the sponsor's milk, ice cream and cottage cheese he could consume during the commercials.

Then came February, 1955, when Hugh Cherry—who had been a disc jockey in Nashville when Pat was on the station—telephoned Pat from Chicago and persuaded him to make a rock 'n' roll recording for Dot Records. That first record was "Two Hearts," and it set some sort of a record in climbing to the top-ten listing. His second song, "Ain't That a Shame," also lost no time in becoming a hit.

Close on the heels of this success came an offer from Arthur Godfrey to appear as a "guest" on his daily CBS show. Between Godfrey, Hugh Cherry—and Randy Wood, president of Dot Records—Pat was soon persuaded to pursue a theatrical career. Which, from where he stands now, seems to have been fantastically good guidance . . . for, since February, 1955, when he cut his first record, three of the music world's top trade papers—*Billboard*, *Cash Box* and *Record Whirl*—have voted him the "most promising new male vocalist in 1955." In addition, as this story goes to press, three of his four records (the third being "At My Front Door") have hit the top ten and the fourth, "Gee Whittakers," is well on its way.

And Pat's good luck doesn't begin and end with his professional career. His personal life is one of the happiest. On December first, Pat, Shirley and their two children—Cherry, twenty months old, and Linda, five months—moved into a modest, three-bedroom ranch-style house in Leonia, New Jersey. "Shirley and I are both small-town folks," says Pat, "and having a yard and a tree or two is very important to us."

"With my daily career and study schedule, I'm not exactly loaded with time for hobbies. At the moment, the nearest thing to it is my interest in chinchilla raising . . . and about that I really don't have to lift a finger. When I was at Fort Worth, a friend who had a chinchilla farm interested me in investing in a pair—which he let me do on the installment plan, so to speak. Well, I finally managed to pay off the original investment, plus upkeep—and by that time I had fifteen . . . you know, chinchillas are very much like rabbits in that respect. So, if luck holds out, it won't be too many years before Shirley can have a chinchilla coat or jacket."

In the judgment of many listeners and viewers, Pat's luck is just starting. Daniel Boone, if he were alive today, would be mighty proud of his youthful kin.

At which notion, Pat Boone just grins. But then he adds soberly: "I owe so much to so many folks, but I think I owe most to two men . . . Arthur Godfrey for my TV success—and Randy Wood for my recording success. Never will I be able to repay either of these gentlemen . . . I can only hope that their faith will not have been in vain."

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For Blessings Received

(Continued from page 31)
welcome brought a blinding mist to her eyes and an unerasable smile to her face. There were no dry eyes on the set.

After the ovation, the crew presented Loretta with a grand and elegantly wrapped basket of food. Grinning, she took the basket and placed it on the marble table. Then, hands on her hips, happily calling attention to her new, healthily rounded figure, she said: "Bless you—all of you. It's just what the 'fat lady' needs."

The basket reminded Loretta of the baskets of fruit and flowers which, a half-year ago, had rained down on her from hundreds of well-wishing friends while she was in a hospital bed in Oxnard. Her sudden illness had been a shocking surprise to all. It's true that—after scores of motion pictures and appearances in seventy TV shows of her own anthology series in the two years just ended—Loretta was tired. But, by the same token, she says: "Everyone else in the crew was tired, too."

Loretta Young insists, very earnestly, that she was not a television casualty. It was not the continuous hours of filming her show for TV that ran her down. Her enthusiasm for work—even sixteen hours a day, from make-up time at 5:30 A.M. to seeing rushes and study time at 9:30 P.M.—cannot be blamed for her illness. "Television," she says, "has been one of the biggest thrills of my life. A person simply isn't made ill by something so exciting, challenging—and satisfying."

Since it wasn't the grueling schedule, therefore, we have to look elsewhere for a reason for Loretta's illness. She explains simply, "It was God's will. The lessons I've learned because of it are lessons I should have wanted to learn, no matter what I was doing."

What lessons did Loretta learn? She says, "I learned that God gives us the patience and strength to stand long sieges of pain. I had always been terrified of pain. And I learned that, through our darkest hours, we do not walk alone."

Thousands of letters from friends and fans were material proof to her that she was not alone. "I've believed—and now I know—that there is much good in all of us," she says. "I've saved all those wonderful letters. They mean more to me than words can tell. You find out a lot about the goodness of people when something not-so-good happens."

Loretta learned that she was loved—how loved, she had never realized. When she heard that every drop of precious life-giving blood she needed for transfusions had been repaid to the blood bank by some members of her own TV crew, tears of grateful thanks filled her eyes.

With humility, Loretta says that she also learned she was not indispensable. When it became obvious to her sponsors, the Procter and Gamble Company, that Loretta would not be available to start a new season, they made an unprecedented announcement: "*The Loretta Young Show*" would be seen as usual, without format change—with guest stars, acting for Miss Young, to be announced."

The immediate reaction to this news illustrates the creed of the entertainment world. As soon as the word was out that Barbara Stanwyck had said, "Tell me what I can do"—all Loretta's friends in the industry offered themselves as pinch-hitters. Irene Dunne, Van Johnson, Rosalind Russell, Ann Sothern and Claudette Colbert were only a few of them.

When Loretta heard of this immediate response, she asked her nurse to find out

what each star's favorite flower was . . . and, when they reported for their first day's work, their dressing room was filled with the flowers they loved.

The outstanding characteristic of Loretta Young's personality is her enthusiasm for her work. To illustrate how eager she was for the simple feel and smell of grease-paint: Even before she was ready to return to work for her first appearance on the Christmas show, she made numerous visits to her set—you simply couldn't keep her away. In fact, as soon as she was out of the hospital, she was champing at the bit to get back in front of the camera. The day of her first visit to the set, Merle Oberon was her guest star. The scene was set in an outdoor cafe. Loretta couldn't resist the temptation to get into the scene. Back to the camera, she sat at the cafe table with another extra!

Another time, Sam Goldwyn was shooting his now famous "Guys and Dolls" on a stage at the same studio, and Loretta couldn't resist the temptation to get into the act. The entire cast of "Guys and Dolls" were rehearsing a Broadway scene—dressed fit to kill, in Damon Runyon-type costumes. Loretta had on a simple cotton dress. As she walked nonchalantly into their rehearsal scene, the dress stood out like a beacon.

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"Who's that country girl in the cotton dress?" shouted the director. "What's she doing in the middle of Broadway?" As Loretta revealed her identity, the stage shook with the laughter of the entire company—a characteristic salute to Loretta's never-failing sense of humor.

Like all other habits, personality characteristics are built up over a long period of years. They are not easily changed or broken. The doctors told Loretta that, if she were to continue in her career, her enthusiasm for work would have to be modified—the enthusiasm which had been built up from childhood. They told Loretta, recuperating in the Oxnard hospital, that she would have to slow down. No matter how proud of her TV company she was, the doctors said there should be no more sixteen-hour days for its star. Loretta would have to learn some new habits.

She says now, "A good habit is one of the hardest things in the world to form. It takes day-after-day concentration. Even now, I know I don't dare to say, 'I'll never smoke another cigarette.' I don't intend to do so—but, if I say I won't, I'm sure to lose."

"The only way to build a good habit is with the day-by-day method. For instance, you say to yourself, 'Just for today, I won't eat anything fattening.' Next morning, you say it again. Before long, you get used to a good new habit—I hope!" With a wry smile, she adds: "Building a good habit is the hardest thing in the world."

While still under the doctors' constantly

disciplined schedule and their orders 'to take it easy,' it was not too difficult—Loretta had only to obey. She learned that the hospital was like school—a school teaching its theories. And Loretta can tell you there's an ocean of difference between theory and practice.

In terms of changing an old habit—in particular, curbing her enthusiasm for work—Loretta is a unique case. She finds it more difficult than most of us. Why? Because Loretta has been "working" since she was four. Her career really got underway, though, when director Mervyn Le Roy called one day for her older sister, Polly Ann. "Polly is on location," Loretta, then edging twelve, told the director. Then pulling herself to her full height, she said, "Won't I do?"

Since that day, acting has been her life. Even the bulk of her education by tutors on studio sets was directed toward her greater preparation as a performer. And, when she had spare time, she went—not to play games with other kids—but to dramatic, ballet and voice classes.

Every aspect of her craft has been built into Loretta's career from the ground up. As a result, after years of this diamond-polishing, Loretta is a jewel of a performer. The screen is her life. And—since she knows her job so well, and loves her work—her product is superlative. Hence, the enthusiasm. Loretta loves that old habit.

In addition, Loretta faces a paradox: The doctors told her to take it easy, to fill her spare time with other interests. But, as her public relations counsel and close friend, Helen Ferguson, says: "On the little things which Loretta has obediently and earnestly taken up to fill her 'spare time,' she's working harder than ever! I'm waiting for that crisp mind to realize you don't better a thoroughbred racehorse by harnessing him to a milk wagon. He's bred for the race. Loretta's trained for 'camera.' And, one of these days, she'll sift the good advice and use it—not just literally, but wisely."

It's not difficult to understand why this should be so: Since it has been established that Loretta's heart beats in rhythm to a Mitchell Film Camera, any interest off her set is going to lose by comparison.

Today, Loretta learns her lines, polishes her performance, devoting all of her studio working time to acting. During last season's typical sixteen-hour day, she had spread her talents—making suggestions to her company manager, conferring with her director over the movement in every scene, or suggesting story points to her writers.

Virginia Griffith, Loretta's stand-in, thinks the time is not far off when Loretta will begin rationalizing: She'll slowly discard her other interests, one by one, and pick up where she left off, saying, "I'm so much more at ease on the set—it takes less out of me. Why don't I just do the things I really enjoy?"

Chances are that Loretta will heed the doctors' advice, but in her own way. For to the two dominant aspects of her personality—her love for people and her enthusiasm for work—has been added a third, and that is . . . wisdom.

It was God's will to bring Loretta out of her recent illness with her appreciation of others intact . . . with her enthusiasm for work somewhat modified . . . and with this added quality of wisdom, a wisdom she will bring into our homes each week as she steps through the door—now so symbolic of the bright future before her—and into the hearts of the American television audience.

"You Get What You Give"

(Continued from page 36)

was 'Oh, By Gee, By Gosh, By Gum, By Jo.' He sang it everywhere, in the living room, bathroom—though the kitchen was his favorite play area . . . he loved to sit under the sink by the hour building block houses and singing.

"When he was only four years old," laughs Mrs. Gobel, "I took him with me on the streetcar to downtown Chicago, when suddenly he burst out singing at the top of his lungs, 'Oh, By Gee . . .' I was so embarrassed we had to get off the car.

"It was always easy to find George—you simply followed his voice. But, if he was in one of his rare quiet moods, you looked for Nellie. Nellie was a beautiful collie we had up until George was four.

"When George was still a baby taking his afternoon nap in the buggy in front of the store, Nellie would lie under it on guard. If any of the neighbors came by, she would get up and stand between them and George. They used to say, 'I'd hate to see anybody touch that boy!' We never looked for George—we looked for Nellie.

"By the time he was ten," Mrs. Gobel recalls, "George was singing sacred music better than anything else." The Gobels lived in a little suburb on Chicago's Northwest side. There was only one church, St. Stephen's Episcopal, in the neighborhood. In fact, it was just a mission then, and one Sunday the neighbors' children invited George to go with them to Sunday School.

Before long George was given a little hymn to do and was such a success he was asked to repeat it at the evening memorial service. Mrs. Gobel was invited to hear George's solo and, after that, St. Stephen's became the family church.

The church had a small congregation and, since George sang louder than anyone else, it wasn't long before he was asked to join the choir. The teacher, Mrs. Jane Ogden Hunter, recognized George's ability. Looking for something different to distinguish her choir from others in the city, Mrs. Hunter wrote special obligatos with George's high soprano carrying over the choir's background humming. Always small for his age, George, at eleven, was made to seem even smaller by comparison with all the older boys. His small frame and big voice made an effective contrast.

One Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Gobel recalls, the choir was invited to sing over WLS, the Chicago radio station. George was so small he had to stand on a chair to reach the mike—he was then thirteen, but still wearing size-9 clothes. George was thrilled at being on the radio and sang his heart out. Surprised with this tremendous voice coming out of such a small boy, WLS executives invited him back.

Every other Sunday he did the offertory solo at church, alternating with Sunday singing at WLS. Other choir directors, hearing him on radio, frequently called with invitations for him to guest at their churches. Mrs. Gobel thinks George has sung at every Chicago church, no matter what denomination.

With his success in and around Chicago, George was asked by WLS to guest on some of their other shows. For example, he did the WLS *Barndance Revue*, *Saturday Afternoon Merry-Go-Round* and the *Air Juniors*. When he was twelve, he sang for Morgan Eastman on the Edison Symphony program—that was the first really big coast-to-coast show George did.

"Then," says Mrs. Gobel, "somebody at the station gave George a book on ukulele playing, and someone at the *Barndance* gave him a cowboy hat, and his choir teacher, Mrs. Hunter, gave him some less-

sons. I had a fair knowledge of music and I guess I played a little part in helping him out, too. It wasn't long before he was a regular on the *Barndance*.

"When he was thirteen, George became a regular on the *Barndance*, where he graduated to guitar. We were thrilled with this. But we have always been just plain, ordinary home folks. We've always taken things in stride. George's climb to success has been so gradual that it was never anything 'grand.' I guess we're just not the type to get excited. Some people are surprised that we don't make more of it, but that's the way we are."

Then George's voice changed. Instead of singing and straining his voice, he read commercials on *Amos 'n' Andy* and *The Goldbergs*. He also did children's shows, among them *The Eye Of Montezuma*. When he was eighteen, he formed a little band of his own and made short jaunts around the countryside. He was in St. Louis and, later, Chattanooga for a few months, then back to WLS, before he went into service.

During the years George Gobel worked at WLS, building his reputation, a number of people approached his mother to say, "George ought to be in a specialized acting school. There is a good one in New York. He could get into the movies."

"But," says George's mother, "Mr. Gobel and I had our business in Chicago. When George was in Cleveland Grammar School, we ran a general store, and later, when George was at Roosevelt High, Mr. Gobel had gone into landscape gardening. If we sent George away to school, we knew one of us would have to go with him. We have always been a close family. We didn't want to sacrifice the unity of the family for his specialized school training. George was our only child, and being together was more important.

"George was always a little bit shy at school," says Mrs. Gobel. "Everybody knew him as 'Little Georgie Gobel, the radio actor.' Wherever he went, he was pointed out. Even now, he's embarrassed about the attention he gets. When he was younger, he was even more sensitive, so he didn't go out too much. He and Alice Humecke, who lived two blocks away, were classmates. They went to the movies, sometimes, or to private parties where the guests had known George all his life. He wasn't much for dancing or big affairs like that. In fact, I think the Senior Prom in 1937 was the only big dance he and Alice attended."

Lillian Gobel says that George has been interested in flying ever since Lindbergh crossed the Atlantic. In his late teens, he spent a great deal of time at Chicago's Sky Harbor Airport. He entertained the owners and pilots with his stories and they, in turn, fascinated him with their tales of the air. One day, a small group was taking a five-passenger plane to a tournament in Minneapolis. George made them laugh so hard that the owner invited him to come along with them for company.

George made a big hit with the Sky Harbor owners and it wasn't long before he was taking flying lessons. Besides the fact that it was expensive, Mrs. Gobel wasn't too sure she liked the idea, anyway. "But his dad just loved the thought of George's flying," she smiles. "Mr. Gobel wouldn't get in an automobile to ride around the block. But, when George said, 'Come on, Herb, let's go for a fly—they were off.'

In addition to his romance with airplanes, George was courting Alice. Mrs. Gobel describes George's and Alice's seven



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years of dates as "a 'maybe 7 or 8 P.M.' date—the time was always tentative, because George was subject to call at WLS." She adds happily, "Mr. Gobel and I say no parents ever had a finer daughter-in-law. Alice was always very understanding and never demanding of George."

In September, 1942, George enlisted in the Army Air Corps and, when Alice and George found he would be leaving soon, they decided to get married in December. After their marriage, Alice had a very nice job as secretary to an Army colonel in Chicago and George was shipped to Texas as a flying cadet. A lot of the boys who took the train from Chicago were leaving home for the first time. One day out and they were already homesick. A friend of George's later told Mrs. Gobel that George took his guitar and walked up and down the train playing funny songs and telling jokes to cheer the boys up.

Once in Texas, George was just as lonesome as the others. It's true that he'd been away from home before, but only a few weeks at a time. George filled the air with letters to his friends at the station, to Alice and his mother. He put on a brave front in his letter to the WLS gang telling them how great the Air Corps was. In one, he said kiddingly, "They are either going to kill me or make a man out of me!"

When George left for Texas training, it had been decided Alice would stay in Chicago with her folks. Since George was still a cadet living in the barracks, he wouldn't get much chance to see Alice, anyway. Nevertheless, Mrs. Gobel says she knew Alice was just waiting for an excuse to join George. Then he called one day, saying that he was very lonesome and that he hated to ask her to come down because she would be leaving her folks . . . and there might not be much for her to do until he got his lieutenant's commission . . . but it sure would be nice, he concluded, if she came for a visit. "That was the only excuse Alice needed," says Mrs. Gobel. "She had been ready to go since the day he left."

While he was in the Air Corps, George took part in a number of camp shows. He even wrote some of the scripts. Of course, George was an immediate hit, and the officers invited him—while still a cadet—to entertain at the club parties. When he was commissioned, and stationed at Altus, Oklahoma, these Saturday-night dances were a custom to help the boys relax from the extreme tension of the week. Somebody always went over to George's room to get his guitar. "But," one of George's Air Corps friends says, "he never finished any one song. He would tell some jokes and go into a monologue that was good for at least an hour." His buddies in Oklahoma were sure George was to be the comedian of the generation. In fact, before he left the Air Corps, he was flying all over the Middle West to appear at bond-raising and Army functions.

When George left the Air Corps in late 1945, he had every intention of becoming a commercial pilot. Alice, however, had other ideas. She had seen him perform in front of countless audiences and she had confidence that George was a natural comedian. But, at first, George lacked confidence. He didn't think he was funny enough to get up in front of a "people audience," as he called it, and make them laugh. He told Alice, "An Army audience is different." But Alice insisted that he give his comedy role a try. George now says, "Alice was always the best student in school. In this family, she's the smart person."

"When George and Alice returned to

Chicago," Mrs. Gobel recalls, "he contacted his present manager, David O'Malley, asking for a spot as a comedian. Mr. O'Malley said he remembered George as a singer. He told George he had a pretty yodel, a nice voice, but said he couldn't imagine George being funny. George said, 'Maybe not, but Alice thinks I should give it a try.'

"Next Sunday afternoon, at a servicemen's show in the Auditorium Theater, George went on as a comic. He went over so well that Mr. O'Malley told him to come back the next day and they would talk business." George's sincerity and honesty must have hit Mr. O'Malley as hard as it did the servicemen in the Auditorium Theater—for, the next day, their contract was sealed with a handshake, the effect of which has lasted to this day.

Later, Mr. O'Malley booked George at the Bismarck Hotel in Chicago, where he played for six or seven weeks, then the Edgewater Beach Hotel, and finally the Empire Room of the Palmer House. But his first date after that Sunday audition was in Grand Rapids. George now tells everyone that it wasn't his talent that got him that booking, but the fact that Mr. O'Malley knew George had a car . . . his manager had some other acts he wanted to get to Grand Rapids—that's why he took George, too.

"Then, after his growing success," continues Mrs. Gobel, "George and Mr. O'Malley went to California in 1953 to prepare for his NBC-TV show. Alice stayed here with the two children. She and I talked to each other every day—for moral support, I suppose, because we both missed George. Then, two years ago, Alice joined George. Unconsciously, I found myself walking toward the phone to call around the corner."

"In October of 1955, the family called me from California asking that we come out for the opening of the second season's show. We didn't have anyone to look after the place, so Mr. Gobel said, 'You go ahead to California and see how you like it.'

"I had never been much of a globetrotter, never been to California—and flying there was an added thrill, too . . . I hadn't been in a plane since the time George took me up in his Piper Cub when he was about twenty years old and had just earned his private flying license."

Lillian Gobel laughs, as she says, "I came, intending to spend a week, and stayed a month. Of course, it was the first time I had seen the baby, year-and-a-half-old Leslie. So we had to get acquainted."

"A mother couldn't ask for a more solicitous son. George wouldn't rest until he was sure I'd seen all the sights. He'd say, 'Alice, do you think we should take Mom to see the Pacific Ocean today or the Farmer's Market? . . .' We ended up going two or three places each day. We went to the premiere of 'Desperate Hours'—which was my first premiere and a real thrill—and we had dinner at places like Moulin Rouge and the Sportsman's Lodge in the Valley near George's home."

"Those nice people at the Sportsman's Lodge just love George. The waiter, for example, called my granddaughter Georgie 'Little Princess' and promised her that, if she cleaned up her plate, he would give her some dough to feed the fish with—they have a trout stream there where the patrons can catch their own dinner!"

In a more reflective mood, Mrs. Gobel says, "George hadn't changed—I found him to be a wonderful father, as always. When he was in the East, George had to spend a summer in New York away from

the children, and he felt he had cheated them by his absences. His philosophy of life has always been 'You get out of life what you give' . . . and George feels this holds for his relationship with his children, too. Too many of these absences, he once told me, and the children would be grown before he had a chance to be with them at all. That's why Hollywood TV has been a real boon to George—it lets him be with his family every day of the year.

"George accepts his role of father seriously. He is gentle, patient, understanding and sensitive . . . in fact, he's been that way ever since he was a child. When he was a youngster, he was uniquely devoted to his pets. He had a covey of white pigeons, a big tom turkey, and a pen full of ducks and chickens. (This was well before the suburbs were built up.) If we had chicken for dinner, George had to make sure it wasn't one from the yard—he loved them all. Mr. Gobel was the same way. If we wanted chicken or

turkey, we finally had to go to a restaurant to get it. George was too kind-hearted to kill any of his pets."

According to Lillian Gobel, George doesn't play favorites among his children. For example, he and six-year-old Georgia play bicycle tag (George always lets Georgia win), and he takes two-year-old Leslie for buggy rides. "When he was ten-year-old Gregg's age," recalls Mrs. Gobel, "George wanted to be a baseball player. Once a week, he takes Gregg over to play in the Sherman Oak's Little League . . . so, today, George is sort of realizing his ambition by coaching Gregg.

"Alice is as wonderful and loving a mother as George is a devoted father. The one thing she wants most in life is to spend time with her children. Mr. Gobel and I," concludes Mrs. Gobel, "feel no parents ever had a finer daughter-in-law. She has always been just as close to us as George. And we certainly feel no parents ever had a more loving and devoted son."

Honeymoon Time

(Continued from page 53)

a few songs, you are sadly mistaken. What with rehearsals, conferences, public appearances, and all the other business involved with such an enterprise as Eddie Fisher Inc., they were lucky to snatch an occasional evening together.

So, when Eddie told Debbie that almost the last long assignment before he moved his show to Hollywood for thirteen weeks would be for the bottlers' convention in Miami Beach, she was enchanted.

Although the public never heard anything about it, Debbie had made a flying visit there the previous January. Eddie was in town, staying as usual in the Saxony, spending most of his days isolated in the men's solarium. And he got lonesome as only a man in love could be—particularly when separated from his fiance by three thousand miles and reams of disagreeable column paragraphs.

So, on an impulse, he phoned Debbie in California, and she caught a plane and flew in for a day or two.

On the second day, they had a spat, and Debbie swept out of the Pagoda room and onto a plane for California . . .

Well, that's the way love goes. The members of the Saxony's staff, who had been understandably disturbed by this quarrel, were among the happiest of all those who read the news when Eddie and Debbie were married later in the year. And then, less than two months after the wedding, the Fishers were back in Miami again, on their first real honeymoon.

To those who think of a honeymoon as a vacation alone—days and evenings spent learning the joyous new pattern of living that comes with marriage—the week the Fishers spent in Miami may seem more like a "busman's holiday" than a lovers' idyl. But, for Eddie and Debbie, it had its own special brand of beauty and happiness. To them, it was a "really, truly honeymoon," and these pictures, this story, will go into the scrapbook so they can remember it always, just as it was.

First, since they were going to have to combine business and pleasure, they arranged to have two places to live. The Coca-Cola people and members of Eddie's own gang were headquartered at the hotel, so the Fishers registered there. Then they accepted the invitation of Jennie Grossinger to stay at her beautiful winter home on the beach. Thus, for just about the first time since the wedding, they could actually get completely away.

The first evening, while they were resting from the trip, they strolled arm in arm in Jennie's garden by the sea and talked of the coming week.

"It's heaven," Debbie said. "Let's make use of every free moment to be by ourselves."

"We'll have lots of time for that," Eddie assured her. "Let's see, tomorrow will be rehearsal and the show, and then the big shindig in the Orange Bowl, and a small dinner here Wednesday night, and Friday's the big bottlers' banquet at the auditorium, and another show—"

"And then back to New York," Debbie said. She took a deep breath. "I don't care, we're going to find time for what we want to do. There's that invitation to go water-skiing Thursday at the Pollacks'—and what about that 'small dinner party' you mentioned for Wednesday night? If it's just for about six people we could make it fun."

"It's just family," he said. "Why?"

"Because I'm going to ask Jennie to let me run it," she told him. "We've been married almost two months and I still haven't had a chance to be a hostess for my husband. A fine thing!"

He looked at her fondly. "It's a fine thing, all right. Everything about you."

While Eddie was at rehearsal the next day, Debbie began making her plans. She's not an all-around cook, but a few years ago she did learn to make some Mexican dishes, simply because she loved them and so few restaurants prepared them properly—tacos and enchiladas and black beans and tamales. Eddie had introduced her to savory knishes, herring in sour cream, and all the wonders of Jewish cookery. Now she'd let him have a taste of the Southwest.

Jennie was agreeable, but a trifle dubious. "You know these little family parties," she said. "They seem to grow—at least when Eddie's the host. But it's all yours. I'll be around if you need me."

Wise Jennie, who had given Eddie his start and had been his friend ever since, knew what she was talking about. By Wednesday, the guest list had reached twenty-five, and there was no question of Debbie's putting on an apron and moving into the kitchen. But one thing she was determined to do: She would show Eddie that he had married a woman who knew how to entertain for him.

So it was Debbie who planned the menu, and ordered the food and the flowers. It

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was she who set the big buffet table, placing the china and silver, arranging the flowers. It was she who, exquisitely groomed and dressed—as the wife of a star should be when she receives at dinner—was waiting at the door when the first guests arrived. It was she who supervised every detail of the evening and moved from group to group, making sure that everyone had food and drink, being charming and gay, sparking the talented guests into impromptu entertainment.

One Coca-Cola executive told me later that he could never remember a better party. "And Eddie," he added, "was bursting with pride. He's got himself a doll, there—and a true lady."

The next day was when their friends the Pollacks (he is owner of several hotels and motels, among them the fabulous new Thunderbird) had asked them over for the afternoon, to learn how to water-ski. They had a little surprise for him. Debbie was an expert at the sport, and she'd taught Eddie.

This seemed to be the best time to catch them, when our color cameras could show you the rare sight of Eddie and Debbie just having fun. We met them at the Saxony, out in the pool and cabana area where, if the residents of the hotel stared at them, it was mainly because Eddie had brought along his boxer, "Junior"—and the Saxony doesn't allow dogs.

At least, that's the way it began. But somehow a dozen or so people suddenly appeared right out of the air, crowding in and spoiling the show. It just never fails, whenever Eddie appears where people can get at him, and he's so good-natured he often uses up an entire afternoon or evening exchanging casual pleasantries with people.

This was perhaps his pleasure and privilege before his marriage, but it wouldn't do on this day, on this very special afternoon. Debbie held still for it for half an hour. Then she said, distinctly so that all might hear, "Let's get out of here."

They had a big powder-blue convertible waiting under the marquee, and at their invitation we hopped in the back for the ride out past the row of glittering hotels to Bay Drive, where the Pollacks live.

The boat (fortunately, it was a big one) was pretty full by the time we started out. But, compared with the crowd that usually surrounds them, Eddie and Debbie were comparatively alone. They had a wonderful time, pretending that they didn't know what to do—then getting up on the skis and zipping expertly back and forth.

There were a lot of things we wanted to know, now that their marriage was almost two months old. How was it really working out? Was there any real problem because Debbie had been reared in one faith and Eddie in another? What were their plans? What did the future hold? How exactly were they planning to work out their separate careers, once they got off the present merry-go-round? And what about that house Debbie had got for them out in California?

It was Debbie who explained how she had been taken first by realty agents to look at a number of other houses. "They were like hotels," she said. "One of them was a dead ringer for the Taj Mahal. Much too big for us. But when I saw this ranch-style house, with its four acres of garden and all the beautiful early American furniture, I knew it was just right. I know Eddie will adore it."

She also had the word about the fact that theirs is an inter-faith marriage. Difficulties? "None whatsoever." She made it very plain. "As long as Eddie and I believe in God, I don't think we'll have any problems."

As for the future, that still had to be worked out. They had done everything humanly possible to arrange things so they could be together and still continue their work. Agents, networks, studios had cooperated to the fullest. Debbie's picture schedule had been shifted to fit the time when Eddie's show could be moved to the Coast. Maybe things could be planned so they could do a picture together. Maybe they might have to spend some time apart—but other married couples survived separations, when it was necessary.

"We want it all, you see," Eddie said. "Our careers, and to be together, and children, and a home. You can't work out something like that with just a snap of your fingers."

Those who know both Eddie and Debbie best feel that their salvation is in the rented house overlooking the Pacific, and the home they will some day find and buy. Although they will be able to use it only half of each year, a home will still be there, restful and peaceful.

It will be a place where children may someday play safely, away from crowded streets. There will be dogs and cats and a bird or two, and fires will crackle on the hearth when the nights grow cold, and good smells will drift from the kitchen. When the work day is over, the gate will snap shut against the broadcasting and movie-making worlds, and the Fishers can meet and kiss hello at their own door.

This is the kind of life Debbie knows and loves and must have, at least half the time, if she is to find happiness.

It is not the life Eddie has ever known. To him, home has always meant an apartment or a hotel suite. If he had a dog, he had to walk it along a pavement where there were signs: "Curb Your Dog." Heat came from a steam radiator. Food came upstairs from a subterranean kitchen he had never seen. As for peace and quiet and solitude—what would he do with them?

Well, Debbie has made her pitch at adjusting herself to Eddie's way of life in these two months since the wedding. She has managed remarkably well. Marriage seems to have sobered her somewhat—or matured her. She used to move like a flash and sparkle all over the place. Now, when she is with Eddie, she moves at his easygoing pace. Her smile is softer, and not as flashing.

For a girl who was always the center of attention herself, it has not been easy to become, overnight, the dutiful wife who waits politely while her husband is the great star. Away from all her tried-and-true friends in Hollywood, forced by circumstances to accept graciously, and all at once, a veritable multitude—who, while complete strangers to her, are Eddie's closest pals—she has comported herself with charm and dignity.

Now it's up to Eddie to return the compliment on the Coast. Of course, he will not be on vacation from his work as Debbie was, but otherwise he will be completely out of his familiar element much of the time. His wife will have had a hard day's work behind her, too, when finally they get together in the house on the Palisades.

Surely, it will be during those restful evenings together, a billion miles from Manhattan and crowds and noise and the hassle of business, that they will discover together the true measure of their happiness in marriage.

Because they believe in God, and they have their love—and you can't beat that combination.

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Magic in Numbers

(Continued from page 56)

remain in love with their wives and/or husbands until death does them part, fifteen years must be considered "the honeymoon," relatively speaking. However, in the unpredictable, quicksilver world of show business, where stars rise and fall and scenes constantly shift—and homes and hearts, too—it takes a bit of doing to be a solid citizen. Nor is it easy for marriages, even when made in heaven, to remain there . . . as, rather surprisingly, the still-in-love, still-happily-married Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy admit their marriage does.

"Emotionally," says Peter, "Mary and I have as good a set-up as it's possible to get—no doubt of it—in order to stay married in show business, for the simple reason that we're together . . . together behind the footlights, as well as by the fireside at home in New Rochelle—or, to be more literal about it, in front of the TV set, which is where we spend all the leisure time we have or can borrow. After dark, that is. Daytimes, it's golf—but that is another story."

To share as many interests as possible," Peter continues, "to be together as much as possible, this is an important factor in all marriages. But, for people in show business, 'together' is the talismanic word, the secret formula for happy and lasting marriage. Tell you why . . .

"You have to be emotionally unstable to be in show business, or you wouldn't be in it. Instead of selling intangibles like emotions, laughter and tears, you'd be selling something solid like groceries—or gum-soled shoes. Since the emotionally unstable are more susceptible to influence than less volatile individuals, it's awfully tough—it's dangerous, when one half of a Mr.-and-Mrs. entity is in show business and the other isn't. And equally rugged when both are, but not together."

"Mary and I learned this by personal experience. In the early days of our marriage, we worked separately—which nearly resulted in our living separately. Mary gives me the credit for saving our marriage when, aware of the widening breach between us, I suddenly decided that to do our play-acting together was the way to heal it. 'Here and now, Miss Healy,' I said, 'I'd like to sign you up. We'll be the Lunt and Fontanne of the saloons.' And so we were. And so, happily ever after, we are."

"It was Father Peyton of Los Angeles, I believe, who said: 'The family that prays together stays together'—which is profoundly true of all families, of whatever race, creed, color or occupation, the wide world over. To paraphrase the Father's wise statement, as I'm about to do: 'The family that plays together stays together' is also true—of show-business families, in particular."

Certainly it is as a family . . . the whole family . . . that the Hayeses—Mary, Peter, seven-year-old son Michael and five-year-old daughter Cathy—work, play, pray and stay together.

"Take last Christmas as a sample," says Peter. "Last Christmas morning, the kids were at the tree bright and early. I was there, too, fog-bound—but not too fogged, to notice that Michael was hot-looking. We called the doctor. The kid had a temperature of 102, and rising. He had to go to bed. And stay there. Alone. On Christmas. When we sat down to our dinner . . . Mary, our guests Eddie Foy, Jr., and his son, Cathy and I—with poor Michael out of the act . . . I 'cut him in' by connecting the Vocatron, a two-way talk-back gadget in his bedroom and the

dining-room, and asked Michael if he would say Grace. Clearly then, his voice came over: 'Bless us, oh, Lord, for these Thy gifts which we are about to receive from Thy bounty through Christ, our Lord, Amen . . . Roger—and over!'

"Everyone fell down! Sounded like from an airplane. 'Come in, Flight 7!' That, in addition, we were able to picture him in bed with his pilot's uniform on—his keeping it on was the condition under which he agreed to go to bed—kept us prostrate!"

On the road, as at home, the kids are "cut in," too. "We take our kids, our jokes and silently slip away to Florida," says funnyman Hayes. But Mary has this to say, concerning this glib masculine version of what actually takes a bit of doing:

"Last winter, for two or more months, this was our life: We were rehearsing our new act for The Sands at Las Vegas, which we play twice a year. En route to Vegas this year, we also played the Fontainebleau in Florida. In addition to the main act, I do a hula (a very genteel hula) and Peter a skit in which he plays a croupier. Since I'd never hulaed before, I was taking lessons from the dance coach at CBS . . . and Peter, the perfectionist, was combing the city for a pair of glasses with sleepy-looking eyes (like Mortimer Snerd's)—and like all the croupiers we have ever seen. In the meantime, I was shopping for clothes (for the act), the children's clothes (for the trip), and preparing to tutor the children for the seven weeks we're on the road. 'Slip away' indeed!" says Mrs. Hayes.

The Hayeses live, as they have for some years now, in a rambling, brown-shingled country house midway between Pelham and New Rochelle, New York. "House on the Third Hole," they call it, situated as if it is on the very hem of the skirt of the Pelham Golf Club. . . . "A golf course," says Hayes, "is an insane asylum peopled by madmen suffering from the delusion that they will eventually conquer the game. The more violent cases think they already have!"

This is an over-reaction, of course, proving that he loves the game. So does Mary. She and Peter play golf together. They play alone. They play with Perry and Roselle Como when, every so often—usually on a Tuesday, which is Perry's day off before starting rehearsals for the next show—the Comos drive up from their home on Long Island. When Peter and Mary are on the road, they play in Florida, in Vegas, anywhere they can set up a tee.

One of the contributing factors to the success of the Hayes marriage is that—although they're teamed with equal billing on stage—their personal relationship is a nicely balanced, normal one of the wife who runs the home and the husband who runs the (show) business.

It is Peter who conceives the idea for, writes and produces the acts, which are based, primarily, on the current novelty or personality of the year just past. Anything that hits the newspapers, the weekly magazines and the disc jockeys is grist to the Hayes mill. One year, his act was based on the character—if you will pardon the expression—of that lampooned Lothario, ex-King (Fatso) Farouk. Last year, "Peter Pan" got the pixilated treatment.

This year, the act is a satire on the motorcycle craze, based on the pop record, "Black Denim Trousers." Titled "Brownie With the Dark Black Jeans," it features Healy & Hayes in dual roles. As the curtain rises, "Marilyn Brando" and "Marlon Monroe" are discovered parked in a little Messerschmitt car in front of a drive-in

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DR. SCHOLL'S, INC., Dept. 67B, Chicago 10, Ill.

\$300 FOR YOUR Childs Photo



BIG DEMAND for boys' and girls' photos, ages 6 months to 18 years. \$300 or more PAID if used for advertising purposes. Send ONE small photo for approval. Print CHILD'S and MOTHER'S name and address on back. Returned 15 days. NO OBLIGATION.

ADVERTISERS PHOTOS

6000-HQ Sunset, Hollywood 28, Calif.

12 CHILDREN'S DRESSES \$345

Sizes 1-6X \$3.45. 7-14 \$3.95.
FREE GIFT!
WITH EVERY ORDER!
Colorful, washable, used dresses in
assorted silk, wool, cotton & rayon-all
in ready to wear condition! Mail \$1
deposit and sizes. Pay postman C.O.D.
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FREE ENLARGEMENT
of your Favorite Photo

FROM FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS
Just to get acquainted, we will
make you a beautiful studio quality 5 x 7 enlargement of any snapshot, photo or negative. Be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing, and get our Bargain Offer for having your enlargement beautifully hand-colored in oil and mounted in a handsome frame. Limit 2 to a customer. Please enclose 10¢ to cover cost of handling and mailing each enlargement. Original returned. We will pay \$100.00 for children's or adults pictures used in our advertising. Act NOW!

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. F-218

7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

You Can Depend On
STRONGER Yet SAFER
ANACIN
to relieve
PAIN

Won't Upset The Stomach

Anacin® not only gives stronger, faster relief from pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia—but is also safer. Won't upset the stomach and has no bad effects. You see, Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients. Scientific research has proved no single drug can give such strong yet such safe relief as Anacin. Buy Anacin Tablets today!

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movie, behaving more or less as you might suppose Miss Brando and Mr. Monroe might behave! On screen, there's a slim blonde waitress, wearing a sweater and skirt, and a rough kid with a long haircut, wearing the black denim trousers, boots and black leather jacket with the Eagle on the back—which is the "Delinquent" uniform—and the dramatis personae are riding a genuine Harley—"Delinquent" motorcycle.

"We get into an argument with the kids on the screen, Marlon Monroe and I," Mary laughs, "and they, with us—claiming they can't play a love scene if we sit there smooching all the time. To feel strictly for the birds, just try talking to your shadow some day . . . you'll be flying!"

In addition to creating the acts in which he also performs, Peter—whose versatility has made him a living legend in show business in his thirties—sings, dances, plays piano, mimics. By means of the fifty-odd hats that hang upon the famed Hayes hatrack, virtuoso Hayes runs a gamut of characterizations from John Barrymore to Ethel Waters (singing "Cabin in the Sky") to a punch drunk ex-pug, *and et cetera!*

But . . . whereas Peter's versatility ends, by his own admission, at home—"I am the one you've heard about, but never met, who can't boil water!" . . . Mary adds to her singing, dancing and acting repertoire the many-faceted role of, to quote her: "The mother of children going to school, the wife of a writer-producer, the manipulator of our tape-recorder here at home when Peter is on radio in New York. I even attend to some of the business details, too. In Nevada, since Peter can't resist a slot-machine, I'm the Keeper of the Coin! Otherwise, I'm a bag-loser, so Peter handles the loose change—at home.

"It's a many-faceted role that a wife plays generally—every wife—but mine is a little more so. . . . As a sample of what I mean, let's take a day in the life of the Hayes family. Let's make it one of the days when Peter is substituting for Arthur Godfrey on the morning show, as he does once every five weeks or so—and, when Arthur is on vacation, every morning for two weeks. Since the show is on at ten in the morning, we get up at 6:30, have breakfast—all four of us together. After Peter gets off for New York, by car, I drive

the kids to school, get back home and—promptly at ten—take my place by the tape-recorder, push buttons, and record the show. At 11:45, I drive back to school, pick up my daughter, have lunch with her, put her down for her nap.

"If we are rehearsing, I then take the train to New York, put in two to three hours in the rehearsal studio at CBS, after which Peter and I drive back home together. Immediately after we get there, Peter sits and listens to the tape while I, having heard it, go about taking care of telephone calls, making sure that Michael is doing his homework, that dinner will be on time. Since we try to live a very sensible life at home, dinner is at the same hour every night, seven o'clock, and the children usually have it with us. Since Peter is strictly a bread, meat and potato man, nothing unsuitable for children appears on the menu. Then after dinner, we watch TV. Love it. We're fans—rabid fans."

They've enjoyed being on television, too, ever since they made their video debut on the Chevrolet show in 1949 and followed this by launching the CBS Stork Club show. Later, they—and the viewers—enjoyed their unique *Star Of The Family* series. Now, on Tuesday nights, Mary is getting kicks as one of the panelists on ABC-TV'S *Masquerade Party*.

One of the many pleasant things about Peter and Mary is that, although their enthusiasm for what they do is as fresh as if minted yesterday, neither of them is hag-ridden with ambition . . . the feverish kind, that is, the kind that drives. Peter, who has been under contract to Arthur Godfrey for three years, with two more to go and who has substituted for Arthur on the evening TV shows, as well as the morning radio show—has been rumored, via the grapevine, to be Godfrey's "heir-apparent." . . . Peter shrugs off rumors with a: "No truth to them. Even if there were, I couldn't qualify. Vitality insufficient. Last report from me, after doing the daytime and evening shows, came from an oxygen tent. Last words: 'Only Godfrey could stand the pace.'"

They shrug off many things which many people in show business find important. Parties that make the columns, for instance. Show-off things. Gossip that makes the columns—and hurts the victims. "I don't like ugly thoughts," says Mary. So she doesn't harbor them. Neither of them

does. They believe a person is what he appears to be, unless proven otherwise.

At the testimonial dinner given Helen Hayes last winter, for instance, they sat at the same table with—as Mary put it—"the up-and-coming Princess of Monaco. She was alone. And although Grace . . . a star herself—and, at that time, on the front page of every newspaper in the country—might have been pardoned for being somewhat absorbed in herself . . . she wasn't. She sat there for three hours, her glasses on, attentive to every word spoken, every gesture made by the great stars who were there in honor of Miss Hayes. I don't believe any of the silly rumors you hear about her. I believe it's a fairy-story romance and they'll marry and live happily ever after."

Mary admits to being very extravagant about her professional clothes. She buys Dior, Sophie Originals, Elizabeth Ardens. But, at home, she's the casual sweater-and-skirt type and keeps things for years. "I have a niece who can wear my clothes and, every now and then," Mary laughs, "she'll look at me and say rather plaintively, 'Are you still wearing that?'

"My husband's the fastidious one, the Beau Brummel in our family. He has an odd quirk about dressing, too. The grayer the day, for instance, the brighter he gets. Shirts the color of a Bloody Mary. Ties that bleach out the rainbow. . . ."

"On bright days," Peter puts in mildly, "I'm dreary."

"Shoes, however—he's *mad* about shoes—leave him alone in New York for five minutes and he vanishes into a shoe store, and comes out wearing new ones! Anyone who can wear new shoes without breaking them in has got to be mad about them!"

"He's a hi-fi man, too. A gimmick man, really. The Vocatron. A coffee pot in the basement playroom, which turns out to be a telephone. A chair that is a chair—a table that is a table—have no message for Peter.

"We're kind of mixed up, so our house, as Peter puts it, is mixed up, too. Our living room and music room, which open into each other—we just did them over—are quite normal, I'd say. Gray walls, gray wall-to-wall carpeting, solid gray draperies in the living room, two huge pink couches and, in the music room, white print draperies with pink flowers. But, in the little Oriental alcove by our bar, there are the Oriental masks Peter brought back from Tokyo, his Samurai sword, and, overhead, a bell we brought back from Switzerland. . . . We have never, I need hardly add, had a decorator—refused to have one. We like our house to represent us, let the pictures hang as they may. And besides—after we've been in a house for six months—believe me, we have lived in it and it looks it!"

"But it's a sort of gentle look, and warm, and homey. . . ."

Like the people who live in it . . . for, talented as they are, successful as they are, in the limelight as they are, they are gentle, and warm, and homey . . . with each other, with the children, with friends.

In parting, Peter tells a little story: "A father gave his little ten-year-old boy a rather intricate map of the world to put together. In five minutes, it was done. 'How did you do it this soon?' the father asked, 'On the other side of the puzzle,' the little boy said, 'there was the figure of a man. Put the man together and the world takes care of itself.'

"That about says everything, doesn't it?" Peter observes gently.

It does. By the same token, put the right people together, and marriage—in or out of show business—takes care of itself, too . . . and Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy are the "right people."

\$1,000.00 REWARD

. . . is offered for information leading to the arrest of dangerous "wanted" criminals. Hear details about the \$1,000.00 reward on . . .



TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

Every Monday Evening on MUTUAL Stations

Be sure to read "TEN FRIENDLESS MEN"—exciting, double-length story of the Walla Walla prison break—in April TRUE DETECTIVE MAGAZINE at newsstands now.



Modess . . . because

Only New Design Modess gives you the luxury of a new
whisper-soft fabric covering . . . no gauze . . . no chafe.

Which Baby is Miss America?

PICK HER PICTURE IN

CAMAY'S \$65,000 CONTEST



Here's all you do!

1. On the Official Entry Blank, just identify the baby above who became Miss America 1956. (The other 3 pictures are of runners-up in the Miss America Pageant. The hints refer to the state or city each one represented.)

2. Then, simply complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less: "Like Miss America, I use Camay because . . ."

It's easy to win \$20,000
because you'll discover so many
nice things to say about cold
cream Camay! You'll love its lux-
urious lather, exclusive perfume,
satiny-smooth feel. And once
you've used Camay for your com-
plexion care and beauty bath,
you'll find even *more* comple-
ments for Camay's skin-pamper-
ing mildness! Then in your own
words, finish the contest sentence.

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES:

1. Check which of the above 4 pictures you think is Miss America as a baby.
 2. In 25 additional words or less, complete this sentence: "Like Miss America, I use Camay because . . ." Use the Official Entry Blank in this advertisement or write on one side of a sheet of plain paper. Print your name and address plainly.
 3. Mail to: Camay, Dept. H, Box 75, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by 3 Camay wrappers (or facsimiles), any size. Entries must be postmarked before midnight, April 27 and received by midnight, May 11, 1956.
 4. Any resident of the Continental United States (including Alaska) and Hawaii may enter, except employees of Procter & Gamble, its advertising agencies, and their families. Contest subject to all Federal and state regulations.

The originality, sincerity and aptness of thought in completing the contest sentence. Judges' decisions final. Except for incidental help from families and friends, entries must be wholly the work of the person in whose name the entry is submitted, and will be disqualified for outside, professional or compensated help. Only one prize to a person. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein belong, unqualifiedly, to Procter & Gamble.

 6. Prizes will be:

1st Prize\$20,000
2nd Prize\$5,000
3rd Prize\$2,000
22 4th Prizes\$1,000 each
Next 40 PrizesPhilco Miss America 24" TV sets
 7. All prize winners will be notified by mail. List of winners available on request—approximately 2 months after close of contest.

USE THIS OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK TODAY!

Check the letter here which refers to Miss America's baby picture above:

Complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less: "Like Miss America, I use Camay because . . .

MAIL TO: Camay, Dept. H, Box 75
Cincinnati 1, Ohio

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)
Address _____
City _____
Zone _____ State _____

**With each entry enclose 3 wrappers
from any size Camay**

Enter
Today
CONTEST CLOSES
April 27, 1966